

The American Girl

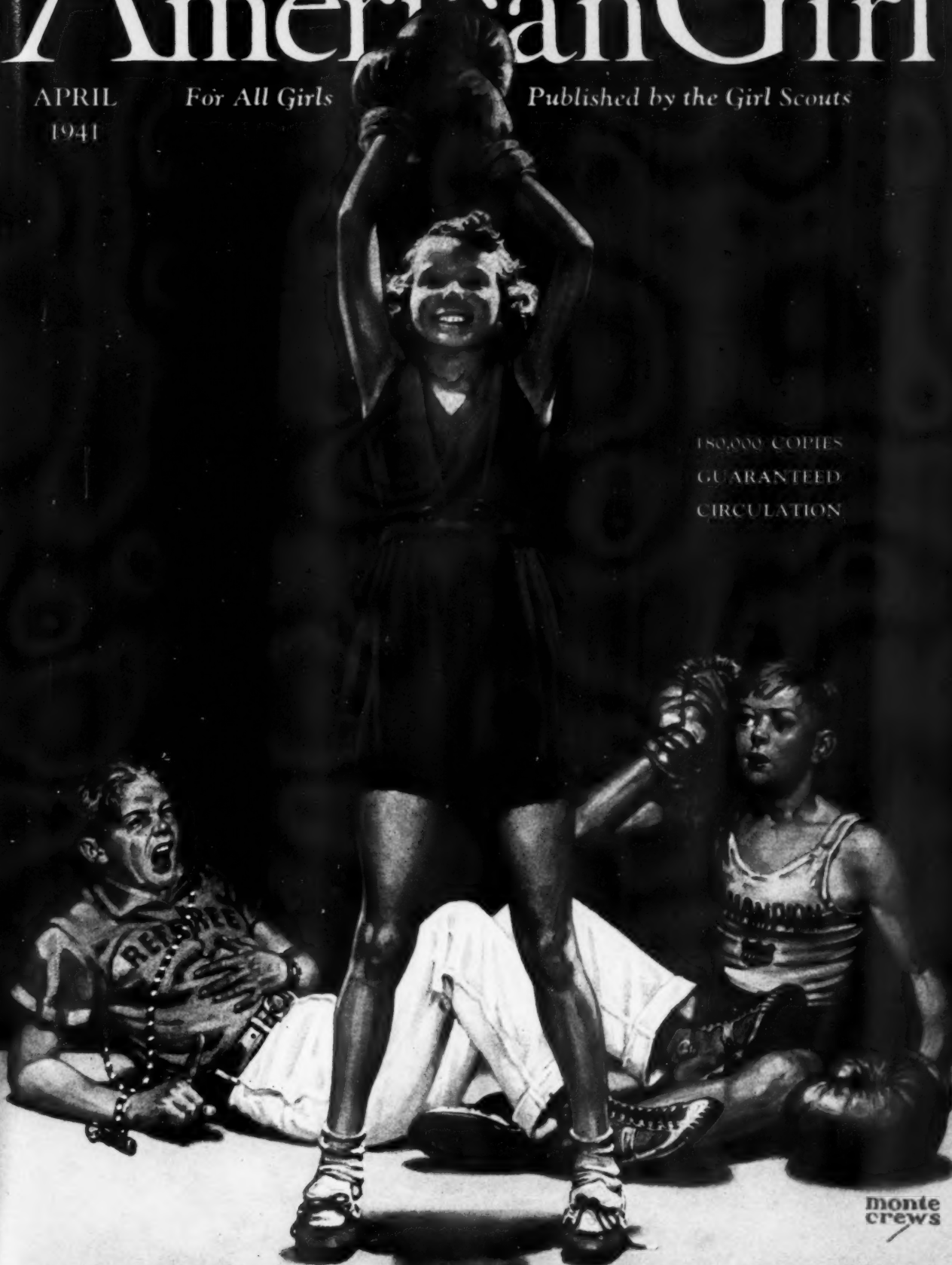
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APRIL
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For All Girls

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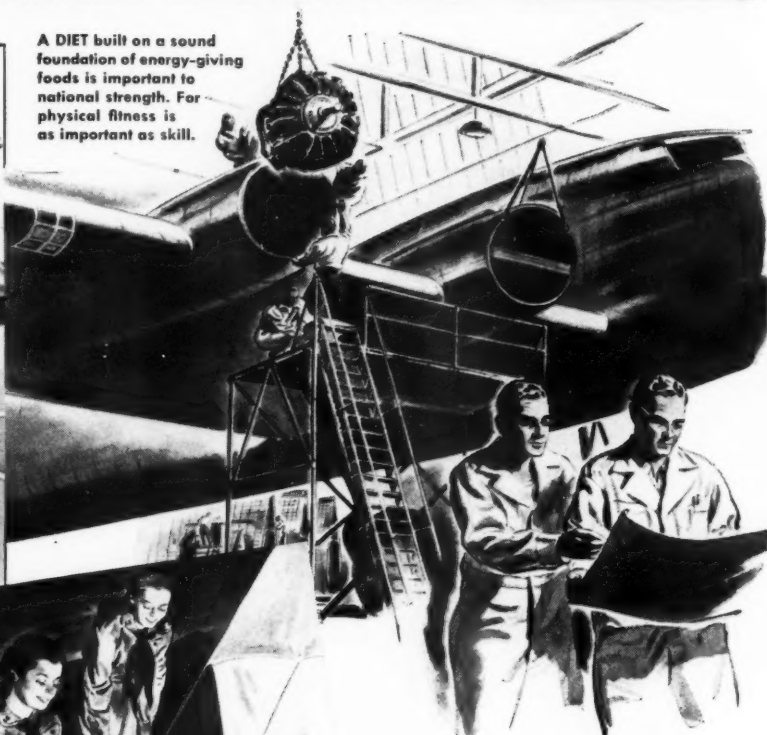


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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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For biographical note, turn to page 50

Photograph by Peter A. Juley

AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

XXXVI—CIRCUS CLOWN *painted by* HENRY LOGAN HILDEBRANDT

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

APRIL • 1941

CRUSADER for KINDNESS

HENRY BERGH

*The story of the founder of the
Society for Prevention of Cruelty
to Animals who, above others, em-
bodied the Girl Scouts' sixth law
and was "a friend to animals"*

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT

ONE day, in 1862, a tall, dignified American was seeing the sights of the capital of Russia, then called St. Petersburg. As his carriage passed through a busy street, he saw a peasant brutally beating a horse. The animal had stumbled in trying to draw a load which was much too heavy for it, and was unable to go on. The American leaned out of his carriage and shouted, "Stop!" in a voice that startled everyone within hearing distance.

The peasant knew no English, and he was not greatly impressed by the tall foreigner who came toward him. But behind the stranger there stood a more imposing figure, whose clothing was highly decorated with gold braid. He was only the footman, but to the ignorant peasant gold braid had always meant police or soldiers so when this man approached and told the peasant, in his own language, that he must stop beating the horse, the bewildered Russian decided he had better obey. Through the interpreter, the American then explained to the peasant that his cruelty was not only shameful but stupid, because it would probably injure the

These photographs of pets were submitted to The American Girl Photography Contest by readers of the magazine whose names are given on page seven



horse and impair its usefulness. The man, with many bows, promised never again to beat the animal, and the American and his companion drove away.

The American was Henry Bergh, secretary of the American legation, and the incident was the beginning of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. When you take a pet to-day to one of the many animal clinics to be found in cities and towns throughout the United States, and they give it whatever treatment it needs, from taking a thorn out of a paw to operating on it for a tumor, you can thank Henry Bergh. But that is only one of many results of that incident in St. Petersburg nearly eighty years ago.

"At last I have found a use for gold lace," Mr. Bergh said, when telling the story of the adventure. He realized that individual efforts to prevent cruelty were next to useless. What was needed was official backing, some sort of title that would

be recognized by the public, just as the Russian peasant (even though he was wrong about it) respected authority as he saw it.

So when Mr. Bergh returned to the United States two years later, he organized the A.S.P.C.A. His home was in New York, he was wealthy and influential, and friendship for animals became his single interest. He succeeded in getting a law passed by the State legislature which, in broad terms, provided penalties for abusing horses, cattle, dogs, all other live stock and pets, as well as animals in general. But even though he had his law, Mr. Bergh found that his battle was only half won; he soon discovered, as it has been discovered many times before and since, that if a law is unpopular with the public, it is almost impossible to enforce it.

For several years Henry Bergh carried on a one-man crusade in behalf of dumb animals. He found that many people were indifferent to suffering, so he held meetings and delivered lectures to educate them and appeal to their sympathies. Some of his best friends called him a crank and a nuisance, but he refused to be discouraged. Newspapers ridiculed him, some judges even refused to convict persons whose cruelties were proved in court, but he persisted in his campaign. One judge fined him for disturbing the peace, instead of punishing a man he had brought into court for torturing an animal. Another judge told Mr. Bergh to go home and mind his own business. But Henry Bergh had made humane treatment of animals his business. So his tall, dignified figure was a familiar sight on the streets of New York as he went about, day and night, rescuing animals from stupid and inhuman tormentors who had them in their power.

He was fearless as well as persistent. One winter day he saw a horse car so overloaded with passengers that the team was barely able to move it, and the driver was whipping them ferociously. Mr.



THE CROWDED CAR—DRAUGHT BY THE EDITOR, 1862

THIS REPRODUCTION FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT DEPICTS HENRY BERGH STOPPING AN OVERLOADED HORSE CAR AND DEMANDING OF THE DRIVER THAT SOME OF THE PASSENGERS GET OFF. AT THE RIGHT: THIS SAME SCENE AS PORTRAYED IN THE METRO-GOLDYWN-MAYER MOVIE SHORT, "THE GREAT MEDDLER," WHICH YOU WILL FIND REVIEWED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE



Photograph by British-Combine

These two prints by courtesy of the A.S.P.C.A.



LEFT: ANOTHER CONTEMPORARY DRAWING SHOWS A CARTLOAD OF LIVE SHEEP AND CALVES WITH THEIR LEGS TIED TOGETHER, A CRUEL PRACTICE OF THOSE TIMES

RIGHT: STRONG EVIDENCE THAT THE CRUSADE FOR KINDNESS TO ANIMALS HAS BEEN FAR REACHING AND EFFECTIVE—A DOG INJURED DURING AN AIR RAID IN ENGLAND BEING CARRIED BY ANIMAL AMBULANCE TO THE HOSPITAL PROVIDED BY THE NATIONAL AIR RAID PRECAUTION ANIMAL COMMITTEE



Bergh stopped the car. "Some of the passengers will have to get off," he told the driver. "You have too heavy a load for two horses in this slippery street."

The driver refused to recognize Mr. Bergh's authority, and there was an argument in the course of which a burly man, impatient at the delay, threatened Mr. Bergh with bodily injury. Mr. Bergh promptly seized the bully by the collar and threw him into a snow bank. This turned the tide in his favor and, with a cheer, a number of the passengers voluntarily descended from the car.

The crusader's great physical strength helped him through many an adventure. One day he saw a big truck loaded with calves whose legs were tied tightly together, the animals being piled in a heap. The two men on the seat of the truck sneered at Bergh's protests, so he reached up and dragged first one and then the other to the ground. Then, grabbing them by the collars, he knocked their heads together vigorously.

"Perhaps that will show you how those animals feel," he said, and hustled them off to the nearest police judge.

Such experiences of the founder of the A.S.P.C.A. indicate that, in some respects at least, the world to-day is a better place than it used to be. Instances of deliberate cruelty to animals have become comparatively rare, partly because the humane laws now have the full support of public opinion, and the police and the courts cooperate in the law's enforcement. Besides, education has had its effect and people have learned that kindness is profitable. A horse that is well fed and treated kindly will do a great deal more work and give less trouble to the owner than one which is starved and mistreated.

Henry Bergh's courage and determination gradually were rewarded. Within ten years from the time he succeeded in getting the first humane law passed by the New York State legislature, the A.S.P.C.A. had won a high place in the respect of the citizens. Mr. Bergh was its president and most active member until his death in 1888.

One of the most memorable of Mr. Bergh's actions occurred after his position had become established, and the police and the judges had come to respect him and the movement he had founded. A charity worker learned that, in a certain tenement, a little girl was the victim of daily beatings and tortures by a drunken couple who had adopted her at the death of her parents. The investigator (Continued on page 38)



Photograph by Eugene Smith

AN AIREDALE WEARING DARK GLASSES HAS A VIOLET RAY TREATMENT. RIGHT: THE EPP TRAP WHICH CAPTURES ANIMALS WITHOUT CAUSING PAIN

Reproduced by courtesy of
The National Humane Review



Photograph by courtesy of the A.S.P.C.A.



THE OPERATING ROOM IN THE C. P. ZEPP CAT AND DOG HOSPITAL IS EQUIPPED WITH EVERY MODERN APPLIANCE AND IS PRESIDED OVER BY A SKILLED STAFF OF DOCTORS AND NURSES



Photograph by Rudy Arnold

AT THE A.S.P.C.A. HOSPITAL TWO DOCTORS PEER THROUGH THE FLUOROSCOPE TO EXAMINE A DALMATIAN FOR POSSIBLE INTERNAL INJURIES. LEFT: AN AGENT OF THE A.S.P.C.A. LIFTS A STRAY DOG INTO THE SOCIETY'S TRUCK. NOTE THE HEAVY LEATHER GLOVES HE WEARS TO PROTECT HIS HANDS

Photographs on opening page are, from left to right:

- Cat—by Margery Steinberger Bellefontaine, Ohio
- Rabbit—by Martha Jane Heist Penbrook, Pennsylvania
- Colt—by Marjorie Jensen Kenosha, Wisconsin
- Cocker—by Mary Lois Parmelee Detroit, Michigan
- Cow—by Mary Lou Dawson Monterey, California
- Spaniel—by Alice J. Raymond Old Greenwich, Connecticut
- Cow—by Helen Jane Gridley Benton Harbor, Michigan
- Horse—by Catherine Galuska Fort Edward, New York
- White Kitten—by Billie Green Columbia, South Carolina
- Peke—by Phyllis Jean Houser Bourbon, Indiana

Illustrated by
MERLE
REED



CHARLOTTE RUSSE *for* MIDGE

WHAT are you taking, Adele—turkey, duck, or *filet mignon*?" Midge called to her older sister as she waved to her father and mother, departing with Delia, the cook.

"Finish one meal before you plan the next," reproved Adele who had not yet left the breakfast table.

Spring vacation, this year, included Easter. Midge had written home from boarding school, "Mummy dear, we must hunt eggs." And Adele had written from college, "Mummy dear, I must hunt a hat."

Success, in the form of a flower-bedecked blue felt, crowned Adele's efforts, but Midge lost out, for her mother's dearest friend, whose grandmother had died, had asked if the Bennetts would come down to her home on Long Island and help with the funeral arrangements.

"Eat your dinner at the *Blue Gate*, girls," Mrs. Bennett had said.

"It's Easter—take the best dinner," their father had added.

"Dinner de luxe at the *Blue Gate*," Midge gloated, swaggering back to the dining room. "Pretty soft!"

"You certainly sound heartless, as if you were forgetting all about the poor old grandmother," complained Adele as she pocketed the bill her father had left.

"But I've never seen her," defended Midge. "And she

was nearly ninety and paralyzed and an awful care for poor Aunt Harriet, and Dad wanted us to have a good dinner."

"All right, all right," agreed Adele impatiently, helping herself to a scarlet egg. "Try a green one, Midge."

"I've had two already, and fruit and a big dish of cereal." Midge cocked a questioning eye at her sister who usually guarded her figure to the point of starvation.

"Yes, cereal with cream—real cream. Mother does provide such a good table. This coffee ring's full of nuts. I'm taking another piece. How about you?"

Midge was really suspicious now. Something must be up. "Say, Del, what's eating you, anyway?"

"Haven't you an inversion of facts?" Adele had suddenly become all sunshine and light. She finished her coffee ring and rose from the table. "Well, if I can't tempt you, I suppose we'd better get through with the dishes."

Midge knew her sister well enough to realize that a battle had been declared and that this was only the end of the first skirmish. During the armistice, however, as she whipped up the soapsuds in the dish pan, she mulled over the dinner they would presently be eating.

"It's Easter, girls, you can have the big dinner," her father had emphasized as he said good-by. That meant the works—five courses and a choice of desserts. She easily decided on



Adele preferred a smart spring chapeau to an Easter dinner and was willing to sacrifice Midge to that end, but the necessity of choosing between two suitors disrupted her plans

By

MARJORIE
PARADIS

Maryland duck, but found it more difficult to choose between pecan butter-scotch sundae with peppermint-stick ice cream, and a charlotte russe of enormous proportions covered with crushed strawberries. They specialized on desserts at the *Blue Gate*.

"Midge!" The tragic quality of Adele's tone warned her sister that the fray had been resumed. "I want you to do something for me. A small favor, I mean. After all, what's the use of church and all that if you never put Christianity into action?"

"Spill it," ordered Midge, dropping a clatter of silver into the drain basket. This must be something serious.

"We had an unusually good breakfast, didn't we, starting with that succulent grapefruit?"

"Get to the point!" Midge assumed a belligerent attitude, wet hands on hips.

"I mean, it certainly was nourishing. It had plenty of calories."

"Go on!"

"Of course, if you're going to assume that attitude!" Adele shrugged and picked up a dish towel.

"All right, take your time and beat about the bush until you're dizzy," encouraged Midge, returning to her work and thoughts.

Adele, with rare docility, wiped each dish as Midge washed it, instead of leaving them, as she usually did, to drain.

"I think I'll take a *demi tasse*, too," Midge murmured as she dumped the coffee grounds.

"Of course you shall if you want, dear," cooed Adele. "I'll make it myself."

"I mean after dinner."

"That's what I'm getting at, Midge dear, the dinner at the *Blue Gate*. If you didn't go—if neither of us went—there's always plenty in the refrigerator, and we're not such

gluttons, especially after such a good breakfast—and when you consider the sad errand that has separated the family—"

Midge shifted her gaze from the soapsuds to her sister. "Adele Bennett, what are you trying to say?"

"Oh, Midge, I'm in real trouble and it isn't exactly my fault. You know the hat I bought?"

"The flowerpot? Sure."

"Well, naturally, I supposed Puddin' Quinn would hitch me back to college. He did last spring and college opens on the same day this year as last. It's true I nearly broke my back in his old bus last year, and it isn't any younger now—and neither am I—but I would have gone gladly. However, when he stopped in last night, he said good-by." She looked through the kitchen window reproachfully at the house next door. "They're all going to have Easter dinner with an uncle in Staten Island—and Puddin's staying there all night, so I shan't see him again and the ride's off. So there you have it in a nutshell."

"Go on and crack it," com-

manded Midge. "It's as clear as mud."

"Must I reduce it to words of one letter? I spent my railroad fare on that new hat. I never would have bought anything so extravagant if I hadn't supposed—" she sighed resentfully. "A next door neighbor, too! It seems cruel to worry Dad about the money, especially after he's been so generous about the dinner. But if you'd let me get together a little snack this noon—"

"You can get your own little snack if you want to, but not mine!" Midge tried to express her fury which was impeded by a choke in her throat. She knew, and so did Adele, that she would never go and eat a solitary meal at the *Blue Gate*. In the end she would capitulate.

"Lots of baked beans," Adele announced after digging through the refrigerator. "I might fix them *au gratin*—you know—with cheese. Cheese improves everything."

"Everything but beans."

"Midge, darling, I'll make soup—a delicious soup out of these steak bones with the beets and carrots. And I'll put some onions in, too." Adele pushed Midge away from the sink so that she might cover the bones with water. "I'll start it now and we can heat it up when we get back. And I'll treat to ice cream cones."

Midge snapped out a dish towel she had just washed, and hung it on the line over the stove. "Sure, go ahead—kill yourself spending ten cents out of your profits! Don't mind me, so long as you arrange everything to suit yourself."

Then, fearful lest her tears might overflow, she strode out of the kitchen. At least she would enjoy the rare experience of going up to dress while her sister worked over their Easter meal.

"The soup's a dinner in itself," Adele boasted when she finally came upstairs. "You look very stylish, Midge. A blue serge suit is always chic. And I love that vagabond hat."

"Might add some apple sauce to your menu," sniffed Midge. "You'd better hurry, or we'll be late."

"I'll be ready in a jiffy, dear."

"Phew, those onions! I'll wait outside." Midge stalked downstairs and slammed the door after her. A perfect spring day—or it would be if—She drew in deep breaths and tried to ease her disappointment. After all, a meal was only a meal.

"My cow, Del, I thought you never were coming!"

Her sister looked so adorable with the little blue flower-pot tilted over her blond curls that Midge couldn't help sympathizing with her extravagance. After all, when you were pretty you had temptations plain girls knew nothing about. Probably sisters did have to help each other out.

"Rather a nice day," she murmured as a flag of truce, "I hope we're not late," and adjusted her long stride to Adele's mincing step.

Yet try as she would, she couldn't appreciate the sunshine, or the tender green leaves, or the chirping birds. The reverberating bells from the Catholic church that usually thrilled her, now sounded gloomy. Even the white spire of her own red brick New England meeting house failed to produce the feeling of exultation it usually gave her.

Baked beans and soup for an Easter dinner, when it might have been—oh, well, what couldn't be cured must be endured.

Earl Hawkins, a Harvard sophomore and a friend of Adele, caught up with them. "May I come into your garden, Maud?" he asked, tilting his head and eyeing the new hat. Earl was a great one to misquote poetry.

The pink in Adele's cheeks deepened, for he was a new conquest and undeniably handsome. "Such a jam," she sighed and let him help her up the broad steps of the columned portico. Midge almost lost them in the crowd of worshippers who inched their way across the vestibule.

They were ushered down almost to the front pew, and

Midge was squeezed in between Adele and a fat man. The crowd, the heat, the heavy fragrance of the lilies gave her a sense of discomfort very different from the peace and pride she usually enjoyed in church.

"Can the smell of lilies make a person faint?" she whispered to Adele, interrupting something her sister was saying to Earl.

"Don't be absurd," scoffed Adele and turned her shoulder toward her.

The organ slipped from the prelude into the triumphant processional. Midge, with her clear, true voice, joined in with the congregation, but the familiar hymn made her feel strangely alone. To-morrow Adele would leave for college, the next day she would be leaving for Duncan Hall, and the family would be separated until summertime.

Surely, she told herself, the loss of a dinner could not make her feel so sad. It must be the fragrance of the lilies—how different from the odor of Adele's soup.

That soup! Had Adele turned off the gas? Suppose she had left it boiling and boiling—what would happen? It wasn't Christian to worry about it in the middle of church, but she couldn't seem to help it.

They seated themselves with difficulty; the fat man overlapped a considerable portion of Midge, but she didn't notice. "Del," she whispered.

"What is it now?"

"Did you turn off the gas?"

"Shush. What gas?"

"Under the soup."

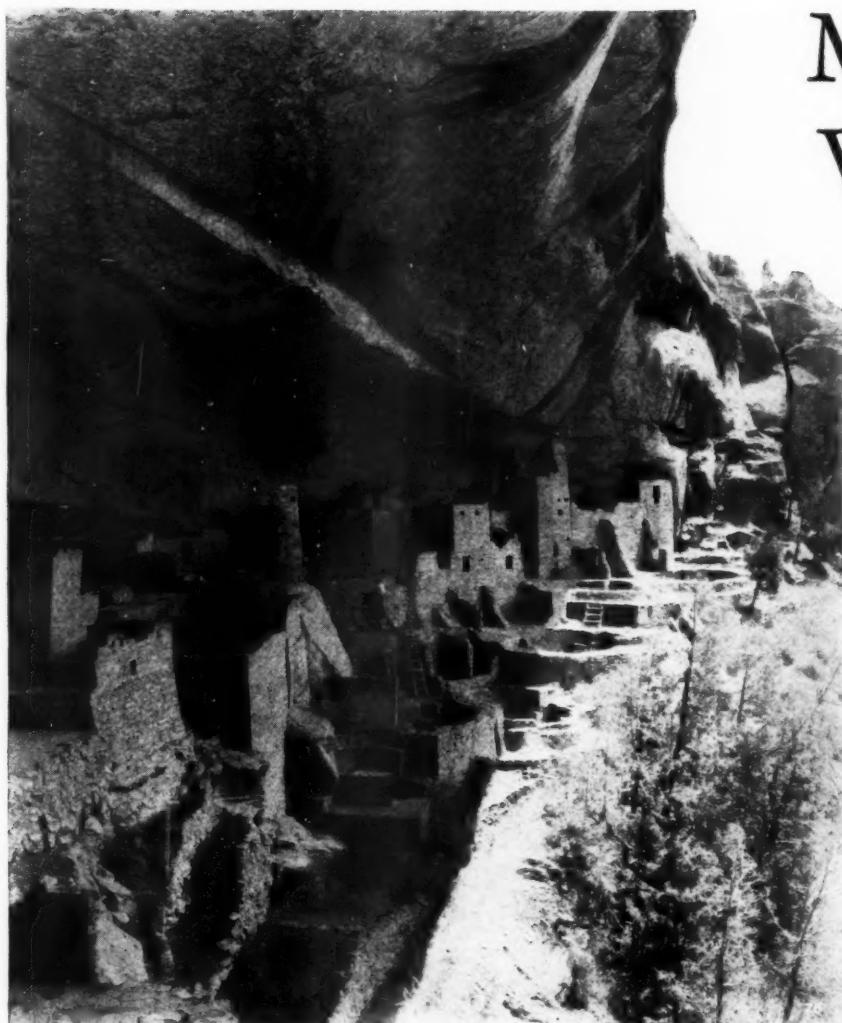
Adele's hesitation admitted her doubt. "Of course I did," she whispered with assumed confidence. "I must have. Why bring that up now?"

"Because I don't want the house burned to the ground."

"Shush. Nonsense! What harm (Continued on page 45)



"DEL," WHISPERED MIDGE, LEANING TOWARD HER SISTER, "DID YOU TURN OFF THE GAS?"



Courtesy of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad

WITHIN THE CAVE WE COULD SEE THE RUINS OF A VILLAGE OF LITTLE STONE HOUSES, TUCKED AWAY IN A SEMI-CIRCLE UNDER THE OVERHANGING ROOF OF THE MESA RIM

MESA VERDE

*Land of
the Lost
Cliff
Dwellers*

By
**DOROTHY
CHILDS
HOGNER**

the natural over-hanging roof.

Some one in our party shouted, "Hello!" Back came the answer, an echo, hollow, ghostly, "Hello!" Then silence, save for the stamping of our horses and the jingling of their bridles. It was, of course, obvious from the condition of the houses, most of them without any evidence of roofs other than an occasional cedar-pole rafter, that they were deserted.

Truly a town without people, a town whose inhabitants, in some long-ago time, had gone away and vanished forever.

WE WERE on horseback when, in single file, our party made its way along the bottom of one of the many canyons of Mesa Verde, land of the ancient cliff dwellers. Mesa Verde is in extreme southern Colorado. In Spanish the name means "green table" and, quite literally, Mesa Verde is a green table-land standing high above the surrounding desert country. A soft growth of evergreens spreads over the area, which is some fifteen miles long and eight in width.

We were enjoying the sweet odor of the piñon and cedar trees, and the good smell of horse and saddle leather in the dry air, when our guide called a halt. We had left our car at camp headquarters, and were with an official park tour. A guide leads all trips to the cliff dwellings, to prevent over-enthusiastic visitors from taking home pieces of the houses for souvenirs.

We followed the finger of our guide with our eyes and, looking up, saw a mysterious cave, cut by wind and rain deep into the sandstone cliff, just under the mesa rim. Within the cave we could see the crumbling ruins of a village of little stone houses, tucked away in a huge semi-circle under

the natural over-hanging roof.

We rode on in silence, each one of us thinking our own thoughts—long thoughts because we passed by town after town, cave village after cave village, and some pueblos (towns) upon the mesa, and all were ghostly and deserted, wholly without inhabitants. Our horseback party, at first gay in the desert sunshine, suddenly began to feel very small and subdued, passing among these dwellings of a lost people, a people who had lived before Columbus discovered America, and who had disappeared, leaving no record of who they were, or whence they came, or where they vanished, except the unwritten records found in their houses and in the refuse heaps which have told much to the archaeologists.

"Once upon a time—" seems the only appropriate way of beginning to talk about these villages of a lost people. The story of the solving, by archaeologists, of certain riddles of the cliff dwellings, reads like a tale of Sherlock Holmes—how they pieced together the evidence and sorted out the clues, until to-day they can tell us, with quiet assurance, that such and such a cliff was inhabited in 1172 A.D., just as if there

RIGHT: LOOKING DOWN FROM THE MESA RIM ON THE "CLIFF PALACE," THE LARGEST OF THE CLIFF VILLAGES, SITUATED IN AN ENORMOUS CAVE TWO HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR OF THE CANYON

BELOW: "SQUARE TOWER HOUSE," ONE OF THE MANY DWELLINGS OF A LOST PEOPLE WHO LIVED BEFORE COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA. LOWER RIGHT: A "KIVA," OR ROUND SUBTERRANEAN ROOM, USED FOR CEREMONIAL PURPOSES



Courtesy of the Atchafalaya, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway



These two photographs by courtesy of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad

was a written record of it. Well, there *is* a record of dates for the scientist in the "tree ring calendar." But more of that, later.

A glance at the accompanying photographs will show you what kind of a house the average cliff dweller called home. It will be seen that the houses are built like one-room apartments, with an apartment on the first floor and one above that. Sometimes there are four stories. The rooms are very small and each has one door and no windows, except now and then a tiny slit, or rather peep hole, through which the owner could look out without anyone seeing in.

But to-day there is no one to look out of these slits and no one to crawl out of the small doorways and climb, by toe holes in the rocks, up the cliff sides to the mesa rim—no one, that is, unless you believe the Indians who live in the near-by territory. They will tell you that spirits live in the houses. The Utes say that these ruins are inhabited by the "moki," the dead people, and, according to one of the legends of the Utes, their ancestors fought with the cliff people, and defeated them, and turned them into fishes. Just where these fishes went is not made clear, the country being a semi-desert with scant rainfall and not many big rivers.

But one thing is certain, the Indians living to-day are afraid of the spirits who, they believe, inhabit the cliff dwellings, and they have left the deserted villages to the ghosts. In fact, the living Indians are as much in terror of the haunted

cliffs as children are of haunted houses on Hallowe'en.

My husband and I had an opportunity to observe this when we were doing some test excavating in the cliff dwellings of Red Rock Canyon, in Arizona. These cliff dwellings are similar to those at Mesa Verde, although smaller and fewer in number. At the time, we were traveling in our trusty old roadster, with our usual camp outfit and tent. We also had with us a pack of materials for excavating, a stout shovel, a slender trowel for digging up fragile objects, gunny sacks for packing finds for the University of New Mexico, a compass for orientating the ruin, and an Indian guide who had been educated in Government schools and so was persuaded to overcome his fear of the haunted cliffs.

We drove up Red Rock Canyon by an old wagon trail. There was no road into this country and the place was as silent as a graveyard—which, in truth, it seemed to us to be as we approached the great, deserted cave, up and under the overlying rim of a red sandstone cliff. We parked our car at the foot of the canyon wall, and walked up the steep hill to the cave which, in this case, was not inaccessible. The day was hot, as days in Arizona in the summertime often are. We were all perspiring when we reached the floor of the cave where the walls of the old ruin could be seen, buried under dirt and rubble accumulated for several hundred years and trodden down by the countless hoofs of sheep which had sought shelter there from desert storms.

Within the shelter of the cave, the air was not only hot, but parched and dry. We took an experimental shovelful of earth. A white dust blew up into our faces, dust so dry that it was obvious rain had never reached this spot. It was as dry as a mummy cave in Egypt, and therefore we knew that whatever we found would be well preserved.

We began by prospecting in the garbage dump, always a profitable place for archaeologists to dig. We immediately turned up corn cobs, several sandals woven of the wild yucca fibre, many potsherds with black-and-white designs on them, the usual bits of yucca rope, and a stone ax head. The dust was soon rising in clouds, fairly choking and blinding us. We knew that we should have been wearing gas masks, because in these very dry caves the dust is liable to set up a condition similar to silicosis, the disease feared by workers in stone quarries.

We decided to let the dust settle in the dump pile, and to dig a bit in one of the buried rooms. There, working very carefully, we struck a pot; and taking out our trowel, we began the laborious but exciting business of uncovering a piece of pottery which had been buried for many hundreds of years in a dry, old storeroom and was therefore liable to be particularly fragile when first exposed to air and moisture. Digging with infinite care, we finally uncovered the whole pot which was a large, corrugated, unpainted one, blackened by use as a cook pot over the fire of some ancient inhabitant.

Not long after this, we uncovered the skull of one of the old cliff dwellers. We could tell by the size of the cranium and the jaw bones, and the shape of the forehead, that it had belonged to a woman. Beneath it was a good, thick blanket of turkey feathers, and on the top of the head there was a shock of hair which, probably due to time, had faded from the usual Indian black, or dark brown, to blond.

Much to our disappointment, the rest of the skeleton was gone. The grave, which might have contained a complete skeleton and also ornamental objects and pottery, had apparently been rifled by some "pot hunters," untrained and unauthorized persons digging in the ruins for loot for themselves, and doing no end of harm by destroying evidence of great value to archaeologists.

Our guide had stood by us all this time, but he was careful to leave the handling of the skull to us. It was time to go back to camp then, and we could see that he was not sorry. But on the way we passed a small cave, some twenty feet above ground, and my husband was determined to have at least a peek into it, although there was no way to reach it except by ladder. Just then some Indians appeared from nowhere, as they often do in Arizona, and they stood watching while Nils constructed a makeshift ladder out of old cedar poles and rope.

Climbing up on this rickety makeshift, he finally reached the cave. He shouted back that there was nothing of importance in view. Apparently (*Continued on page 49*)



Courtesy of the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway

Courtesy of the Atchafalaya, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway



UPPER LEFT: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE "CLIFF PALACE" FROM BELOW THE MESA RIM. NOTE THE SIZE OF THE PEOPLE IN RELATION TO THE SIZE OF THE CLIFF HOUSES



ABOVE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "SQUARE TOWER HOUSE" SHOWING THE CHARACTER OF THE GREEN MESA. AT LEFT: ON A PROMONTORY OF THE MESA LIES A RUIN KNOWN AS THE "SUN TEMPLE"

Courtesy of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad

Hike to the Hills: Spring Saturday

By FRANCES FROST

Smoky with buds, the woods along the sky
Stand quickened in the pouring blue of night,
And in the wild brook meadows first frogs cry
And on the steep road cherry trees blow white.

All day we've followed Spring while she sped on
From hill to valley, up to that high range
Where hollows are filled with snow though Winter's gone—
We've followed Spring, the beautiful and strange,

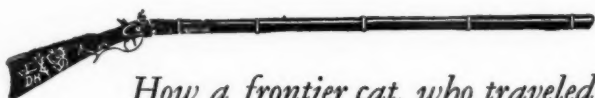
Up slopes of tender green, through misty trees,
While crows beat north in dark, hoarse-throated flight.
We dream no hours lovelier than these
As we descend to village candlelight.

Decoration by PAUL L. RABUT



DANIEL BOONE'S CAT

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ



How a frontier cat, who traveled into the wilderness with the Boones, kept faith with her master when others doubted or despaired

THE frontier cat was proud of belonging to the Boone family. She was proud of the frontier mother, Rebecca Boone, and she was proud of Rebecca's daughter, Jemima, and of young Daniel Morgan Boone. But she was proudest of all of the father of Jemima and Daniel Morgan, the great frontiersman for whom Boonesboro was named. The cat always thought of him as "Old Daniel."

The cat had traveled into the wilderness with the family. She was only a kitten then and she had made the journey in a basket tied to the horse which Jemima Boone was riding. What a trip! What sights the kitten had glimpsed, "a deer at every lick, buffalo thick upon the traces."

The kitten had not been the only four-legged creature to travel with the Boones and their neighbors-to-be into the wilderness. Pigs and cattle had been driven by the dogs in front of the pack horses. Among the cattle was Old Spot, a pet in the Boone family and the one creature of whom the cat was jealous.

Rebecca Boone had been dismayed at the first sight of Boonesboro, where the family was to make its home. But the kitten had recognized at once that here was a good hunting ground for her. She had looked appreciatively upon the cornfields scattered here and there along the great meadow where the river coursed. The white men who had gone in advance had planted this field, and had built the four or five rough cabins, which were not yet protected by a stockade.

Forest bordered the meadow and across the river rose a wooded bluff. When the cat first arrived, she would scoot out of the cabin door and run at will in any direction. But after a few months a stockade was built about the cabins, for Rebecca was nervous. She had good reason to be. One of her sons had been killed by the Indians, and not long after arriving at Boonesboro, Jemima, who was then fourteen, together with Betsey and Fanny Callaway, had been captured by Indians.

Old Daniel and some men from Boonesboro had rescued the girls the following day, all unharmed. Shortly after that,

THE CAT FELT DANIEL'S HEART
BEATING EVENLY BENEATH HER
PAWS. THAT WAS REASSURING



Jemima, though very young, was married to one of her rescuers, Flanders Callaway. The bride had wanted the cat to come and live with her in her own cabin. In fact she carried her pet there several times, but the cat never stayed long. As soon as the door was open she hurried back to the cabin she called her home, the one where Rebecca and her son and Old Daniel lived. The cat's great affection for Old Daniel was doubtless due to the fact that they had certain things in common.

They were, for instance, both hunters. Old Daniel would frequently bring the cat a choice morsel from his hunting, while the cat sometimes laid a mouse proudly at Old Daniel's feet. For such gifts, the gentle-voiced man never failed to praise her, saying, "You're as good a hunter as I am," while he tickled her underneath her furry chin.

They had another characteristic in common. Both of them purred when they were happy. The cat discovered this one day when she came upon Daniel Boone lying on a mossy bank in the woods, looking up at the blue sky and making strange noises in his throat. She had been startled and had stopped still, one paw raised in the air.

No one else would have dreamed she was there, for her soft paws had made no sound. But Daniel Boone could out-Indian the Indians when it came to the forest and its ways. So, to the cat's astonishment, his long brown hand suddenly shot forth and plucked her from her hiding place, lifted her, and set her down on the deerskin hunting-jacket which covered its owner's chest. All this was done without once interrupting the strange sounds coming from the man's throat.

The cat felt Daniel's heart beating evenly beneath her paws. That was reassuring. She settled herself a little.

Then Daniel's hand began stroking her ears. That was nice. She curled her tail about her, and bent her head to listen.

Suddenly the cat understood. Daniel Boone was happy. He was purring. And though she didn't think much of the quality of the purr, she understood the spirit. She drew a little closer to Daniel's chin and purred, too. It was the first, but not the only day the two hunters took time off to purr together.

Yet this proof of friendship was not enough to satisfy the Boone cat. She wanted to do something really worth while, something as commendable as Old Spot, the cow, did, for instance.

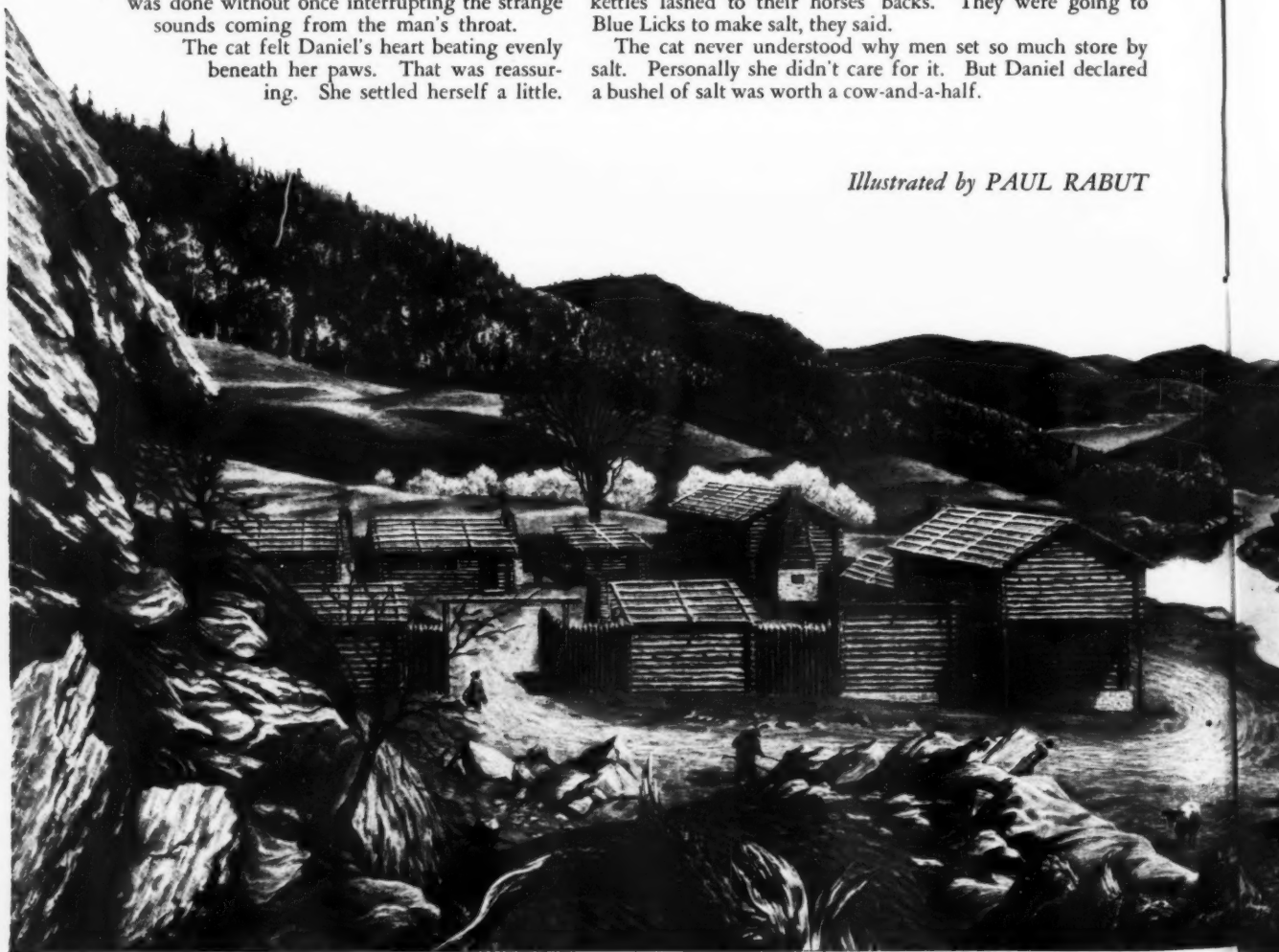
For next to that great scout, Daniel Boone himself, Old Spot was the best Indian hunter in Kentucky. When the cow began to show signs of uneasiness, the settlers watched her just as they watched the sky for indications of the weather.

Of course, if Daniel were home, he always knew if there were Indians about. He sensed them, he said. But Old Spot, it was plain, smelled them. Let a certain whiff come on the breeze and Old Spot would stop in her tracks. If she caught that whiff again, she would start to shake her head from side to side. And if the Indians were close, she would utter the most horrible bellowing. At such a racket, it was a wonder, thought the cat, that the Indians didn't depart at once.

The cat always recalled a certain day—a day early in the year—when Old Daniel had made ready to depart on an expedition. He was heading a party of men who had great kettles lashed to their horses' backs. They were going to Blue Licks to make salt, they said.

The cat never understood why men set so much store by salt. Personally she didn't care for it. But Daniel declared a bushel of salt was worth a cow-and-a-half.

Illustrated by PAUL RABUT



While Daniel was saying farewell to Rebecca and to his son, the cat was rubbing anxiously against his leg. He picked her up and, burying his face in her fur, gave her a message, a very special message. "Take care of things, Old Timer," he said. Then he lowered her to the hearth, lifted his gun from the deer-prong rack, and was gone.

Weeks—and months—went by, but the salt-makers did not return. Of course the cat, like everyone else at Boonesboro, heard rumors about what had happened to them. Old Daniel, it seems, had been captured by the Shawnees. There were reports that the Indians had adopted him; that he had had most of his long hair pulled out, all but a scalp lock; that his face had been painted; and that he had been given an Indian name.

It was whispered that he had led his captors, the Shawnees, directly to the rest of the white men busy at their salt-making and had advised them to surrender. He had laughed

meanwhile and joked with the Indians, declaring that the white men were glad to go with them to Detroit.

This showed, said some in Boonesboro, that Daniel was a traitor. But others protested that Daniel had probably made the best of a bad situation. After all, it would have been easy enough for the Shawnees to have marched on to Boonesboro and fallen upon the women and children there, massacring every one. By taking the white men captive, it was probable the Indians had been satisfied for a time. Daniel, they added, had always been pretty (*Continued on page 32*)

THE BOONE CAT WAS THE FIRST TO SEE A STRANGER APPROACHING THE STOCKADE, A MAN LEAN AND DIRTY WITH A LONG INDIAN SCALP LOCK





Making the Most

Photograph by
Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer



LEFT: DEANNA DURBIN IS ALWAYS
THE PICTURE OF GOOD GROOMING.
NOTICE HER GRACEFUL POSTURE

IN CIRCLE, LEFT: BONITA GRANVILLE
KEEPS HER COMPLEXION SOFT AND
SMOOTH BY GIVING IT A NIGHTLY
CLEANSING WITH COLD CREAM

BELOW: GLORIA JEAN DRINKS A
GLASS OF CREAMY MILK WITH EVERY
MEAL BECAUSE SHE KNOWS IT HELPS
TO KEEP HER HEALTHY AND BECAUSE
SHE LOVES IT, TOO



Photograph by
Sherman Clark,
Universal Pictures

THE other night, as I was leaving a theater where Judy Garland's latest picture was being shown, I overheard a high school girl grumble to her mother, "Maybe if I had Judy Garland's looks, I'd be popular, too."

At first glance I thought, "I don't blame you for being jealous," for the girl was not at all attractive. Her white shoes were smudged, her slip drooped untidily beneath her hem line. The frizzled ends of her limp, dull hair sprawled over a slightly soiled collar. Rouge and powder failed to disguise a rather grimy complexion. She slouched along with round shoulders and protruding tummy, so that her expensive-looking dress hung about her with all the grace of a potato sack.

At my second glance, however, I decided that there was really no reason to sympathize. Under the layer of powder and rouge were much more regular features, really, than Judy Garland has, and beneath the once pretty dress was a figure which needed only exercise and good posture to make it nearly perfect. Instead of wasting her time on vain wishes, that dowdy lass should have resolved to learn and practice the good-grooming rules. Her schoolmates might then be surprised to see her blossom into one of the most attractive girls in the class.

Judy Garland, who has a generous-sized mouth, straight hair, and a nose that is far from being classic, once said to me, "Why, good grooming just means making the most of your looks. That's one of the most important things the Studio taught me since I became an actress."

And Judy does make the most of her looks, taking care of her complexion so that it is always clear and glowing, carrying herself with such grace and poise that even very inexpensive frocks look lovely on her. She is fastidious about the little details that spell neatness, so that she always looks fresh and lovable. Her hair has a well-cared-for permanent, and daily brushings keep her auburn curls soft and shining.

Judy is not the only screen star who unflinchingly follows the rules of good grooming. Every girl in the movies allows

plenty of time in her daily schedule to "make the most of her looks," for her job depends on it. The camera has a critical eye, and even Deanna Durbin could not keep her loveliness on the screen if she let her complexion grow rough and pimply. And can you imagine Deanna slouching through her scenes with her tummy out?

The first good-grooming rule that new starlets must learn is this: "Practice good posture, sitting, standing, and walking, until it is second nature to you." Deanna Durbin, after weeks spent in posture exercises when she was being groomed for her first pictures, laughingly remarked, "It was like learning to walk all over again."

You probably have studied hygiene in school and know what good posture is, but how many of you actually practice it? You have no idea how much better you will feel, and how very much better you will look, if you really knuckle down and master your posture as the movie stars must do.

Here is the way one Hollywood physical director teaches good posture: First, stand up, feet together and firmly on the floor, and "shake yourself loose." When you are completely relaxed, fill your chest with air and let it stretch your body up, up, up. Remember, keep your shoulders loose and your arms limp. *Do the lifting entirely with your chest.*

Now, to straighten out that hollow back curve, tuck your rear under. As the physical director expresses it, "Pretend you are a scared little puppy, with your tail tucked tightly between your legs." Hold your head high on your neck and, if possible, look sideways at yourself in a mirror. Doesn't good posture improve your looks?

Practice holding this position of good posture as often during the day as you can think of it. At first it may make some of your unused muscles ache, but keep at it. Whenever you

of YOUR LOOKS

By HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

Are you pretty? Are you dowdy? Are you plain? Take stock of yourself and learn from the young Hollywood stars how good grooming and certain simple rules will help you make the most of your own assets

stop to talk to someone at school, on the street, or at home, hold your head proudly, lift up with your chest (are those shoulders still relaxed and loose?) and tuck your rear under.

Don't throw your shoulders back, with your chest out like a pouter-pigeon. Don't slump with all your weight on one foot. And don't fold your arms belligerently across your chest, with your rear sticking out like a bustle behind.

When you have mastered the art of standing, you may then progress to walking. Keeping your body straight and tall, swing your legs ahead from your hips. Take long, easy strides, and walk with your feet making prints one ahead

of the other in a straight line. (Don't turn your toes out.) Let your arms swing naturally at your sides, and keep that chin up.

At first, walking with good posture will make you feel as stiff as a broomstick, but with practice you will be able to limber up gracefully *without* letting your chest sag down onto your waist. And if you find that rear extension of yours sticking out too far again, pull it *down, under, and up* into line where it should be.

Be sure you are not coming down heavily on your heels—for that matter, be sure you are not coming down heavily at all. The physical director's recipe for the kind of walk that makes you look light and graceful is this: Pretend you are walking on a solid path of eggs. Don't tiptoe along timidly, but walk with a quick, light, and springy step. You will not only look more vivaciously alive, but you will feel that way, too.

All of the younger actresses wear low-heeled oxfords for sports and walking, and for work at the Studio. Even their dress shoes have fairly low heels, for the girls are too smart to jeopardize their looks with stilted slippers. High heels throw your body forward, out of the nice up-and-down lines that give you lovely posture. If you try to bring your head and shoulders back into line, it leaves you with an ugly swayed back. Your toes are also crowded against the front of your slippers, and pinched feet often (Continued on page 36)



Photograph by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AFTER YOU'VE BEEN SWIMMING AND YOUR HAIR IS DAMP AND BUSHY, YOU CAN STILL LOOK WELL GROOMED IF YOU WRAP A BECOMING TURBAN AROUND YOUR HEAD LIKE THE ONE VIRGINIA WEIDLER WEARS IN THIS PICTURE



Photograph by Universal Pictures

IN CIRCLE, TOP RIGHT: GLORIA JEAN KNOWS THAT PLENTY OF EXERCISE IS GOOD FOR BOTH HER COMPLEXION AND HER FIGURE, SO SHE GIVES IT AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN HER DAILY PROGRAM. IN CIRCLE, BELOW: HER BEAUTY ROUTINE FOR HER FACE BEGINS WITH SOAP AND WATER AND ENDS WITH A BRISK RUB WITH A TOWEL

RIGHT: JUDY GARLAND'S FASTIDIOUS ATTENTION TO GOOD GROOMING PROBABLY HELPED HER TO CAPTURE FIRST PLACE AMONG ACTRESSES, IN THE 1940 QUIGLEY POOL TO SELECT AMERICA'S FAVORITES IN THE FILMS



Photograph by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ALL DRESSED UP *a*

AS THE train for New York pulled out of the Martins-town station, Dilsey Mercer turned over a seat and sat down with her back to the engine. Phyl and Meg Merriam seated themselves opposite her, while across the aisle Aunt Marcia Merriam was already engrossed with the magazine she had bought at the station news stand.

Dilsey's words, as she leaned forward to speak to her friends, belied the eager anticipation in her hazel-green eyes. "I'm scared to go to Jock Bacon's party, he's so—well, sort of special. And you know me—I'm sure to do something crazy. What time is dinner going to be? Seven o'clock? It was swell of Mrs. Bacon to invite me, for I don't know Jock as well as you girls do." She added, "The Bacons are awfully rich, aren't they?"

"I really don't know, Dill," Phyl said, her gaze fixed on the early spring landscape unrolling beyond the windowpane as the train racketed on. "Perhaps they are. Jock always seems to do more expensive things than the rest of us can afford. But if they are rich, you'd never hear it from him."

"We don't know his family," Meg explained, "because they used to live in Boston. We did meet his mother once, though. It was when we were spending the summer in that cottage in Connecticut, where Phyl and I tried to keep a road-stand—remember, we told you about it? The Bacons were staying at Baird's Crossing, quite near, and Mrs. Bacon came over to see Aunt Marcia. She was just as nice as Jock—and boy, was she pretty!"

"I simply can't wait for the party," Phyl said. "I wish it was to-night. Think of hav-

Dilsey was thrilled to be included in Jock Bacon's invitation, on her visit to New York, but in spite of her efforts to the contrary her Dilsey-genius for doing the right thing at the wrong time ran true to form

ing the whole Squib-nocket Bunch together again! It'll be a riot."

"I wish you could be with us the whole trip, Dill," Meg added. "Wouldn't it be fun if you could come out to Heightsville for all four days, with Aunt Marcia and Phyl and me? We lived there so long be-

fore we moved to Martinstown that, of course, we know lots of people. And Sue Kingsley's there, too."

"I wish I could," Dilsey said. "But Mother wants me to stay in New York with Cousin Lora Thatcher and Cousin Bert. They're nice, but I don't know them very well. I'll tell you all about everything that happens, Saturday on our way home."

"Oh, we'll see you lots before then," Phyl consoled. "We'll be coming in for our day together at the Metropolitan Museum and the Music Hall, you know. And first, of course, we'll see each other at Jock's party. That'll be the keenest of all."



DILSEY SCRAMBLED TO HER FEET. "I'M DILSEY MERCER," SHE SAID, HURRYING FORWARD WITH OUTSTRETCHED HAND. "I'VE COME TO THE PARTY"

P and NOWHERE to GO

By MARY AVERY GLEN

In the city next evening, Dilsey's cousin, Bert Thatcher, a polite young man with a brown mustache, stood at the curb in the spring twilight in front of the Thatcher apartment, signalling a taxi. Dilsey, feeling very grown up in her first evening dress, stood beside him. The night was chilly for Easter week and underneath the unaccustomed length of her azure-blue silk skirt it must be admitted that her legs were cold. But so filled was she with joy over the evening wrap which completed her costume, a short, collarless jacket of creamy fur, that a shiver or two seemed of small consequence. At home in Martinstown, preparing for the visit to New York, Dilsey's practical mother had looked with scant favor upon the inadequate little jacket, but her daughter's beseeching eyes and the high pressure of the saleswoman in the coat department of *Baker and Pettit's* had won out. The jacket was so becoming—softening the red of its wearer's flaming hair into such real beauty—and so cozily feminine as well, that independent Dilsey found herself allowing Cousin Bert to help her into the taxi, with a new and exciting sense of being at last a young lady.

Settling her silken skirts, she did not notice for a moment that Mr. Thatcher, on the pavement, was speaking to her. "Oh, I'm sorry, Cousin Bert! You want the Bacons' address. Let me see. Oh, yes!" She gave him a number on East Sixty-sixth Street.

Mr. Thatcher relayed this information to the driver. Then, the door handle still in his hand, he peered in at his young cousin a bit doubtfully. "Are you sure you'll be all right, Dilsey? If I didn't have this Lodge meeting I could take you—but I guess it's okay. I can come for you after the meeting, of course."

"You won't need to do that, Cousin Bert," Dilsey assured him. "One of the boys will bring me home—I told Cousin Lora how good they are about that."

"Well," hesitated Mr. Thatcher, still doubtful-



Illustrated
by MERLE
REED

ly, "good-by, Dilsey. Have a good time!" He slammed the door shut, lifted his hat, and turned away.

Dilsey was conscious of a mounting sense of exhilaration as she peered out at the dazzling electric signs overhung by titanic skyscrapers. Never before had she ridden in a taxicab in New York, all by herself. "I hope I won't be late," she thought, as the traffic came to a halt at a red light. "I'd sure hate to keep dinner waiting. But Cousin Lora thought I oughtn't to start any sooner."

There! The light changed and the sluggish lines were moving again. Presently her taxi turned into an eastbound street and came to a halt before an imposing house. In front of the house, a chauffeur was pacing the pavement, back and forth, beside a long-radiated, black-and-silver car.

Dilsey stepped on her long dress, getting out of the taxi, but without serious damage, and rang the bell. An immaculate maid opened the door. She looked like a French girl, and under her narrow, high-arched brows she scanned the visitor questioningly.

Dilsey gave her name. "I've come to the party," she explained.

The maid regarded her out of shallow dark eyes. "Ze party?" she murmured.

"Yes, the party," Dilsey insisted. Her color mounted. "I was invited," she concluded with dignity.

"But, yes," the maid agreed. "Will you come in?" She led Dilsey upstairs to a long drawing room where she bade her be seated. It was a ceremoniously elegant room, but the fire must have been low, for it was decidedly chilly.

As the bewildered guest disposed herself on the edge of a needlepoint chair, she caught a murmur of voices and then two people entered. One was a tall, silver-blond woman with upswept hair arranged in elaborate curls, and wearing a green dinner gown and a coat of black velvet with an ermine collar; the other, a gentleman in evening clothes who carried his top hat in his hand.

Dilsey scrambled to her feet. "I'm Dilsey Mercer," she said, hurrying forward with outstretched hand. "I've come to Jock's party."

The lady looked her over in surprise, from the unruly curl on the top of her red head to the toes of her new blue slippers. "Party?" she repeated, like an echo of the maid at the door. "Why, we aren't having any party here to-night.



"BE A SPORT, DILL," JOCK PLEADED.
"SIT DOWN IN THAT CHAIR, NOW, AND
I'LL TELL YOU. I NEED YOUR ADVICE"

My husband and I are just going out to dinner. Haven't you made a mistake?"

"Aren't you Mrs. Bacon?" Dilsey stammered.

"Oh, dear, no, child. You're in the wrong house. I'm Mrs. Sturtevant. Whom did you say you wanted? Some people by the name of Bacon?"

Almost at the verge of tears, Dilsey nodded. "I'm trying to go to Jock Bacon's party."

Mr. Sturtevant took a telephone book from the upper drawer of the desk. "What's the first name of these Bacons?" he asked soothingly, flipping over the pages. "The father's name, I mean?"

Gratitude drowned Dilsey's confusion. "I'm afraid I don't know." Then, with a sudden flash of memory, she added, "Jock told me once that his small brother was named after his father. They call him Rod, I'm sure. Wouldn't

you say it might be Rodman—or Roderick—or Rodney?"

Mr. Sturtevant glanced at his wife. "Undoubtedly the J. Rodney Bacons." He ran a finger down the page.

"Do you know them?" Dilsey asked eagerly.

"No, I don't know them, but I know of them. Here it is," he exclaimed. "You're right, Miss Mercer, it is the Rodney Bacons you're after. Their number is the same as ours. You've simply made a mistake of one block. They're on East Sixty-seventh Street. This is Sixty-sixth. That's a very natural slip to make in New York."

Murmuring her thanks, Dilsey glanced toward the hall with an eye to escape, but the sound of a sudden plunge down the front stairs arrested her. A pleasant-faced blond boy of fifteen or so flung himself into the room. "Say, Dad!" he burst out. Then, perceiving the visitor, he drew back into the hall. "I'm sorry."

"Come in, Robin," Mr. Sturtevant called. "Miss Mercer, this is my son. Robin, I want you to put on your overcoat and walk around the corner with this young lady to the Rodney Bacons' house on East Sixty-seventh Street. The same number as ours. She's a little confused about the streets. The distance is so short that I don't think you need a taxi, Miss Mercer, unless, of course, you'd like me to call one."

"No, oh, no," murmured Dilsey. "I'd rather walk. But I don't want to bother—" she hesitated—"Robin."

"Robin is delighted to see you safely to the Bacons' house," prompted his mother.

Dilsey's off-hand way carried her (*Continued on page 49*)



The DESERT CALLING

THE BOYS MADE POINTED REMARKS AS
PAM LEANED BACK AGAINST THE SUN-
WARMED ROCK AND LET THEM CLEAN UP

*The Strongs turn their energy
from hunting gold to building
a swimming pool, Pam finds a
hobby, and an unexpected let-
ter foreshadows a new mystery*

By
**MARGUERITE
ASPINWALL**

PART FOUR

TIM'S outburst of jealousy, that day they had first prospected for H. Hawkins's gold in the stream bed, was not referred to again. Gradually, whatever strain had persisted afterward died into unimportance in the interests waiting at every turn for the household in Rosita Canyon.

Pete and Hilary were picnic fans, and they were eager to show the Strongs all their favorite spots. So there were expeditions to lovely Sabino Canyon, up in the Catalinas, where a mountain stream rushed downhill and there were a dozen places to choose from, for cooking a meal over a campfire. There was a trip, too, to the fascinating old mission church of San Xavier, with its ancient white buildings and near-by Indian Reservation, where, in small, cramped adobe huts, lived over ten thousand Papagos.

They drove up the new road over the Catalinas, which was being constructed by convicts, and were thrilled by far-reaching views over the desert and the city of Tucson to their own special mountains in which Rosita Canyon nestled.

The Story So Far

Pamela, motherless daughter of Charles Strong, famous explorer-writer, had lived all her life with her grandmother in a gloomy old Chicago mansion. At her grandmother's death, her father comes home from Java, wiring her beforehand that he has some surprises for her. The surprises are startling: first, a brand-new stepmother, Judy, a former medical missionary in Java; then Judy's brother, Tim Garwyn, a sulky boy Pam's own age; and last but not least, a present for her sixteenth birthday. This proves to be an adobe house in Arizona, where the family plan to camp out while Charles Strong is writing his book. The idea of buying the house, Pam's father explains, came to him on the voyage, when he met the owner, an artist named McHenry—a sick man coming home to America to die.

Arriving at their new home in the mountains near Tucson, the Strongs find a girl and boy from a near-by ranch—Hilary Sawyer and her cousin, Pete Carewe—picnicking there; and inside the house they find an old pickaxe with "H. Hawkins—1869" cut into the handle. This lends color to a tale told them by their Mexican handyman, Carlos. It is rumored, says Carlos, that there is a lost gold mine in their canyon, a discovery made by an old prospector, H. Hawkins, who afterward disappeared, leaving no clue for locating the gold.

Pete and Hilary also mention the legend, and Pam jumps to the conclusion that they have found gold, perhaps in the stream on her land. The Strong family does a little prospecting on its own account, but Hilary and Pete, catching them at it, say they are sure there is no gold, and that their interest is in the mystery of old H. Hawkins himself.



THERE WAS MUCH SPLASHING, FANCY DIVING, AND HILARIOUS STUNTING

"Did you know that 'Tucson' is a contraction of an Indian word meaning 'At the foot of the Black Mountains'?" Hilary asked on one occasion, as they drove home into the heart of a coral and purple sunset.

"No. Charles will be interested in that," Tim declared. This was one of the days when he was pleased with the world. The picnic had provided an occasion for him to demonstrate a special Javanese delicacy which he had prepared, impromptu, over the coals of the campfire, to the enthusiastic applause of the whole party. He had unbent, in consequence, and showed one of those rare, friendly moods that always softened Pam's heart toward him.

"Charles loves to hunt up old names and maps and legends," he went on. "He'll be out at the San Xavier Reservation before long, making friends with every man, woman, and child he can get to talk to him."

Pam nodded agreement. That was exactly what Charles was likely to do, if he stayed in Rosita Canyon long enough. Maybe, she reflected further, his next book—the one after the book he was engaged on at present—would be about the Arizona Indians, and such legends as he could coax from them. She was proud of having a famous father like Charles and thrilled to see these new friends recognizing his worth and indulging in some obvious hero-worship.

WHILE Hilary, Pam, and Judy—and occasionally Tim—planned the day's doings together, Pete was apt to be trailing Charles about the house or mountainside, helping with whatever work he might have on hand. It was Pete and Charles who drew the careful design for the rock dam across the mouth of Rosita Creek to make the projected swimming pool.

It took two weeks of hard work, in which everybody—including Carlos—had some share, to complete the dam, and on the day the pool filled to the top of its new banks and gradually cleared of the washing sand debris, the Strongs held a celebration. Not only Pete and Hilary, but the former's parents, came to do honor to the occasion.

Mr. Carewe, senior, was a tall, strongly built man with grizzled hair, twinkling black eyes like Pete's, and a hearty laugh that could—and did—wake the canyon echoes many times in the course of that gala afternoon.

Mrs. Carewe was little and plump and merry. Astonishingly, she proved to be an expert swimmer, and she entered enthusiastically all the water sports the younger contestants could think up.

The water was icy cold but invigorating, and the new pool

perfect, they all decided, for diving as well as swimming. There was one end where the depth of the water made even really high, venturesome dives from the adjoining rocks, safe. Charles and Pete—and to Pam's surprise, Tim also—did some hair-raising stunts in this line. And for the more timid ones, there was plenty of fun in swimming the length of the pool, splashing, learning to float; and then, when chilled or tired, climbing out to dry off on the warm rocks under the hot Arizona sun.

Judy had prepared a tempting picnic lunch—no camp cooking to-day with all the other new thrills of their first day's swimming! And about noon she and Pam spread a gay red cloth in the shadow of the highest rock, and set out sandwiches, fruit, vegetable salad, fruit punch, and cookies.

It seemed almost no time at all before the afternoon was over, and the guests were saying good-by and extending, before they went, a cordial invitation to the Strong household to spend a day shortly at Lone Spring Ranch.

From then on, the two families visited back and forth with real delight in the new friendship. Pam learned to love the big fruit ranch, set in its desert background. It was an amazing thing to turn off a sandy desert road, drive between tall fences made of ocatilla cactus, and suddenly find yourself in lush green groves of orange and grapefruit and lemon trees, among trailing green vines with gaudy blossoms, shaded paths, and little pools, here and there, fed by the irrigation ditches.

The office was a big, airy, orderly room, with businesslike typewriter, adding machine, file cabinets, and bookcases. Hilary, in this setting, was a new, orderly, businesslike young person with an air of competence and energy—and indeed she was making an important place for herself in the ranch management. Mr. Carewe said proudly that she was already his right-hand man indoors, with Pete rapidly slipping into a similar post of trust outside.

After her first visit to the office of Lone Spring Ranch, Pam went back to Rosita Canyon in rather a sober frame of mind. "Nobody ever told me a girl could be so much fun, have such a whale of a good time, and yet work hard—and love it," Pam said, seriously, to Judy that night. "I sort of envy Hilary Sawyer."

Judy put her arm companionably about Pam's shoulders. "Remember, you're two years younger than Hilary, dear, and your bringing up was very different. Hilary's uncle and aunt have been very practical with her. Gran was—well, the old-school type of person, I gather, who believed girls should always be sheltered and waited upon."

"Yes, I understand all that," Pam said, "but I really want to do some serious planning for the future."

"Plan all you want, darling. Charles and I will stand by and help where we can. And you might talk things over with Hilary, too. She's a good one to advise you, because she's practising—successfully—whatever she may preach to you."

They left it at that, but the subject was constantly in Pam's mind. It might not be necessary for her to work for a living when she was grown. She knew from Mr. Duke, Gran's lawyer, that Gran had left a trust fund for her, to be used now on her education and turned over to her when she was twenty-one. And, of course, Charles was able to support her, if she were willing to sit still all her life and let him do so. But it seemed to Pam—after knowing Hilary and Pete

and their ambitions, after seeing how serious even sulky Tim was about being a doctor some day, after living with Charles and Judy who had both done so much—that the need remained to do something to justify her existence and all the good things life was offering her.

What did a girl do, if she possessed no discernible talents, or special preferences in the job line? Oh, well, she decided sensibly after a few uncomfortable weeks of this unsettled state of mind, let it all develop normally as she grew older. Something would indicate a turn in the road, after a while, if she kept herself alert to recognize it. And, as Judy said, Charles's daughter could not be utterly devoid of talent.

There came a day finally that promised real summer heat, and Pete and Hilary drove over to the Canyon for a swim in the new pool. The Strong's promptly joined them, and there was much splashing, fancy diving, and hilarious "stunting" for the next hour.

The pool, they voted unanimously, was going to prove a godsend in the hot weather ahead, besides being glorious fun.

"What about all of you coming over to dinner at our place to-night?" Hilary asked. "Aunt Emmie said to invite you. We've some new lima beans in the garden ready for picking. And avocados for salad. Mrs. Strong, you like those especially, if I remember something you said the last time you were at the ranch."

"I certainly do," Judy was beginning, when Pam interrupted her with an exclamation of distress. "Oh—bother! Charles and I can't," she said mournfully. "This is Tuesday, you know, Charles."

In answer to Hilary's look of surprise, she added, "Charles and I have a twice-a-week date on Tuesday and Thursday nights."

"I'll say they have," Tim grumbled. He, as well as Judy, liked avocado pear salad. "They've had some secret for the last two weeks, and off they go into town on the stroke of five every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon and don't come back till after nine. I have a hunch Judy's in on it, though she won't admit it."

(Continued on page 30)



Illustrated by MONTE CREWS

GIRL SCOUTS SEW

on the sewing machine or by hand, making frocks, dressing international dolls, or in Red Cross Work



IN THEIR LITTLE HOUSE LIVING ROOM, TWO OMAHA, NEBRASKA, SCOUTS SEW ON QUILT SQUARES FOR THEIR NEEDLEWORK GUILD



GIRL SCOUTS OF DAYTON, OHIO, DRESSED TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLS IN THE GAY COSTUMES OF FIFTEEN DIFFERENT FOREIGN COUNTRIES

IN OVAL: THIS BROWNIE DOES NOT INTEND TO LET HER OLDER SCOUT SISTERS GET AHEAD OF HER, LEARNING HOW TO SEW



LEFT: THESE TWO SCOUTS OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, KNOW THAT A NECESSARY PRELIMINARY IN THE MAKING OF A DRESS IS TO MEASURE THE PATTERN AGAINST THE FIGURE THAT IT IS INTENDED TO FIT



MANY A FINE SEAM~

making frocks for themselves, slip covers for the home,
 Cross Work~and they knit many a fine row, too!



GIRL SCOUTS OF WASHINGTON, D. C., SPEND A FRIENDLY AFTERNOON IN KNITTING SQUARES FOR AN AFGHAN FOR THE RED CROSS



Photograph
 by Paul Parker

AFTER TAKING LESSONS AT HER LOCAL SEWING CENTER, THIS SENIOR SCOUT IS READY TO MAKE SLIP-COVERS FOR THE FURNITURE

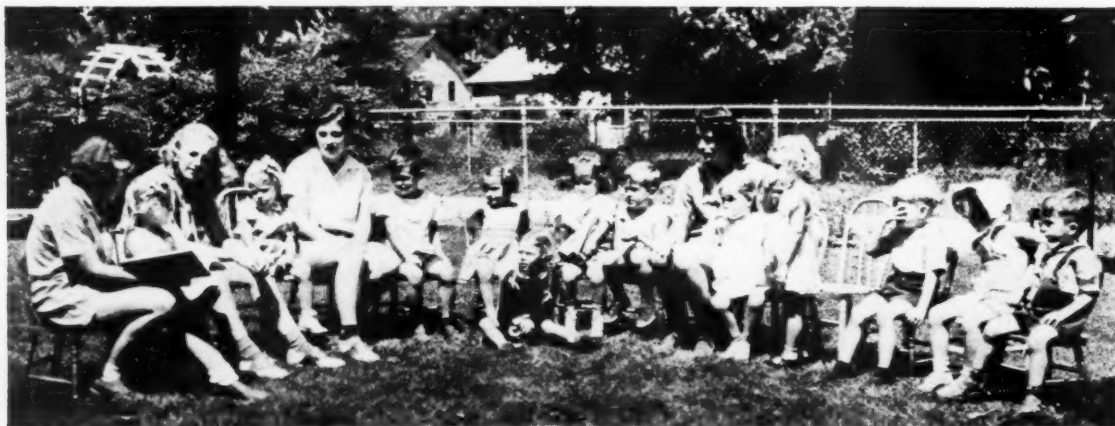


LEFT, CENTER: THE RED CROSS WORKROOM IN MILFORD, CONNECTICUT, HUMS WITH ACTIVITY WHEN SCOUTS WORK THERE



RIGHT: A SEWING INSTRUCTRESS SHOWS TWO GIRL SCOUT STUDENTS HOW TO FIT TOGETHER THE CUT-OUT NOTCHES IN A SHOULDER SEAM, SO THE FRONT FULLNESS WILL BE RIGHT WHEN THE DRESS IS DONE

THREE GIRL SCOUTS *write of their* ACTIVITIES



AT THE SUMMER NURSERY WHICH WAS RUN BY SENIOR SCOUTS OF GROSSE ILE, MICHIGAN, TO EARN MONEY FOR THEIR LITTLE HOUSE

SUMMER NURSERY*

GROSSE ILE, MICHIGAN: If we were ever to get that Girl Scout Little House that we wanted so badly, we decided, it was up to Senior Troop 214 to do it. The two other Girl Scout troops on Grosse Ile consisted of girls a lot younger than we, so the responsibility lay heavily on our shoulders.

Unanimously we agreed that this community wasn't Scout-conscious enough. It realized that we were there, but we meant nothing more to it than that. We wanted something bright and different to do for the community, something that would make it realize that we were good for more things than looking nice and acting as ushers at community functions.

It's a well-known fact that if you've got the mothers on your side, you've got the fathers half over there, too, so we went to work in earnest on the mothers. A summer nursery, it was felt sure, that would leave the mothers free in the morning might turn the trick.

Our next meeting was filled with plans and suggestions. When we were asked to make a project for the annual flower show, of course we accepted, and made a miniature model of our proposed nursery. This brought forth many questions and we found the mothers both interested and pleased.

No plan ever goes through without obstacles, and ours was no exception. The one that loomed largest was our having no place in which to have our nursery. It had to be enclosed, and everyone having such a yard wasn't interested in having about a dozen children running over it for five days a week. There are still Santa Clauses, though, for the school board, upon hearing of our predicament, offered the front play yard of the school. This was heaven-sent because it was centrally located, enclosed with a nice wire fence, and had all the necessary equipment; and topping all that, the board offered us the use of the kindergarten for cold or rainy days and the use of the lavatories.

Our transportation was handled so as to have a mother from the north end and a mother from the south end, each accompanied by a Girl Scout, call for and again return the children to their homes. At nine they arrived and our day was under way. The kindergarten table and chairs were placed out in the yard on nice days and our youngsters were taught to go there for roll call. They learned to an-

swer to their names and to take care of the money entrusted to them by their mothers. Some would bring a dollar for the week, while others would bring a quarter for each day they attended.

After roll call they were free to play on the swings, on the merry-go-round, or in the sandbox, but the latter was by far the most popular. Helen Virginia liked to build lakes in the sand with water she had painfully carried from the school, and Peter reveled in filling them up again with sand, much to her consternation.

Originally we had our sanitary period at ten-fifteen, but Chérie always wet her panties at ten o'clock. So regular was she that we could tell the time if we didn't have a watch. It resulted that we changed the period to five of ten. During this time the children went to the restroom, washed their hands (and were inspected), and here they learned, too, that the magic word "please" got many more paper towels than yelling for them would.

Directly afterwards was lunch period. Our gem, the milkman, always delivered our milk about ten after ten so that the children could have it cold. He helped us immensely, and several times he delivered cookies to us that some one of the mothers of the children had sent. Throughout the whole month that we had our nursery, he rerouted his schedule each day so that we might receive the milk on time. He even reduced the price and would sometimes leave a quart of chocolate milk as a present for us older girls.

EACH child took his own bottle of milk from the case, but the honor of passing the straws, napkins, and graham crackers was vied for. After each was through, he returned the empty bottle to the case and put the top, napkin, and straws in the basket. Chérie, who was two and a half, had the habit of always wanting to put everybody's milk bottle away, and for this reason a ladies' hair-pulling match was several times narrowly averted. (The boys would give in to her, but the girls wouldn't.)

On the first day of "school," as it was commonly called, we had a tussle with Helen. She just wasn't going to stay. She declared, in a small, whiny, high, sing-song voice, "I'm not going to stay; I don't want to stay; I've got company at home and I want to go home to my company." We girls

could do nothing with her, so we left her with the playground mother (some mother was always there in case of any emergency; not that we couldn't probably have taken care of it ourselves—just to soothe the worried mothers' nerves) with the promise that we'd take her home shortly. After a while she discovered that *A-tisket, a-tasket* looked rather interesting. We had not one particle of trouble with her for the rest of the summer.

Following lunch we had an art period. Sometimes the youngsters drew with colored crayons and sometimes they cut designs out of folded paper. The first day we just let them scribble. Most of their efforts looked so much like a hodge-podge that we thought the parents would be less discouraged if we taught them how to draw. I really think we have some forthcoming artists, for some of the stick men they made were actually good.

Mickey was a toughie, and what a problem child he was! Nevertheless, to our amazement, we discovered that even toughies can turn out to be knights gallant. He felt it his duty to show any boy teasing a girl where to head off—a-oh! he was quite the ladies' man. Through one small girl or another we managed to keep him in line with very little difficulty.

During the play period that followed, we played such games with the children as were dear to our childhood. Sometimes tag, sometimes *London Bridge Is Falling Down*, or some other well-known game.

Story hour was the time of the morning when all the noise and the hubbub of the chatter was stilled—temporarily. Patsy could always leave her "pocketbook" lost until the story was over, and then she was off to find it again.

While we were still sitting around in a circle, we oldsters would take the broken stubs that once were crayons and teach the children colors. We even taught them to count—up to ten!

Before the mothers returned, each child carried his own chair in, and some helped us to carry in the toys and other movable equipment from the sandbox. At twelve the cars were again at the gate and the children were off, yelling and screaming good-bys and that they would be back to-morrow.

The number of children varied from nine on the first day, which was rainy, to sixteen. We made (with all expenses paid) over \$41.

* (Reprinted, by permission, from "The Girl Scout Leader" for June, 1940)

Throughout the month children from thirty families attended.

From several sides we were earnestly begged to continue until September first. Although we were unable to do this, we already have several applicants between the ages of two and five for next year.

The first step of the stairway to our Little House has been climbed!

Ellen Hooper

*LIVING PICTURE of a FAMOUS PORTRAIT

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: I started going to the Nelson Atkins Art Gallery three years ago. The first year I took Marionettes and we had a play called *Robert Fulton*. The second year I took Puppets; first we made puppets on sticks and then hand puppets. This last year I took Marionettes again and we had a play called *St. George and the Dragon*. This year I'm going to take Marionettes again.

The Gallery is where I came in contact with *The Little Museum for Young Moderns*. The *Little Museum* is a group of thirteen to eighteen-year-old boys and girls. We meet once a week in a room in the Gallery, and next door is our own exhibition room where we exhibit hobbies, or collections of different articles that are lent to us for that period of time.

We select our members every spring—people who go, or have gone, to the Gallery classes and are interested in the Gallery. We have a formal tea and the new Director is announced at the tea. Our very able counselor and adviser is Miss Louise Nelson, who is Director of Education at the Gallery.

One day, about six months ago, I was asked to pose for *Pigtails*, a modern portrait by Eugene Speicher that was given to the Gallery by the Friends of Art. Naturally I said yes, so the following Saturday morning I donned blue hair-bows and a pink sweater, and was put into a gold frame with an orange chair and green background. It doesn't sound like a good color scheme, but I was told it looked very nice. At that time I had pigtails like the painting, but, alas, I have had them cut since then.

Nancy Slater, Assistant Registrar
Little Museum for Young Moderns

*A reproduction of Eugene Speicher's "Pigtails" was used as a frontispiece in the October 1940 issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Nancy Slater, Girl Scout of Kansas City, poses beside the painting in photograph at right.

BELOW: TULSA, OKLAHOMA, GIRL SCOUTS HELP BEAUTIFY A LOCAL BOULEVARD BY PLANTING IRIS BULBS ALONG ITS EDGE



MORTIMER, THE MOLE

FAIRFIELD, FLORIDA: Mortimer's story is very brief, but it is also interesting—at least, it was interesting to me.

To begin with, I had always hoped for a chance to make a study of some wild animal. Even though I live in a very, very small country village and have lived here for five years, I didn't know much about wild animals. There just aren't any here except the small ones—squirrels, moles, etc.

One morning I was helping Mother with the house cleaning by sweeping the front porch, when I suddenly heard a neighbor's dog barking out by our gate. He seemed very excited over a small object on the ground before him, and he was slapping it back and forth with his paws, growling and barking all the while.

I decided to investigate—so I put down my broom and ran out to the gate. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that the dog had been playing with a little mole! I wrapped the creature up in a cloth and brought him into the house.

He was a very small animal. His total length, from the tip of his snout to the tip of his tail, wasn't much more than four inches. He had a rather long tail and a long snout instead of a nose. His ears were just bare spots on each side of his head—they looked as if they were just large pores. He had a very small mouth and tiny sharp teeth.

His feet were white and hard and scaly, and his toes had claws on them. When I first picked him up, I thought that he had the softest and prettiest fur of any animal that I had ever seen. It was a very dark gray and was as soft as down. But the queerest thing about him was that he had no eyes at all.

When I brought him in, my next problem was fixing a place to keep him. I knew that

moles live underground, so I found a cardboard box, filled it with dirt, and put the mole in it. He burrowed down into the box, scratching the dirt away with his little feet which he held up on each side of his head by his snout, with the soles of his feet turned outward. He must have been sensitive to vibrations, for when I tapped the dirt or the box without making any noise, he could tell it and scampered away in the opposite direction.

My grandfather suggested that I name him Mortimer Mole. I agreed because I thought the name seemed to suit him. So, from then on, he was Mortimer Mole.

After a while I began to wonder if he



might not be hungry (as I was); I offered him a piece of corn bread, just to experiment and find out what kind of food he ate. I didn't expect him to eat the bread, for I thought that moles ate only the roots of plants. His lack of manners was appalling. He gobbled the bread down as fast as he could (which wasn't so very fast because of his small mouth) and then kept sniffing my hand as though asking for more. I gave him some water in a tablespoon, and he drank that very greedily, too.

I noticed that all Mortimer's movements were quick and jerky. When I put him on the floor, he neither walked nor ran; he just scampered. The claws on his feet made a scratchy sound on the floor.

The only sound he ever made was a mouselike squeak, and he didn't use his voice very often.

I left my mole in his box of dirt that night. When I woke the next morning, I went to see if he was all right. When I looked into the box, he was lying there on top of the ground, cold and stiff—dead. I'm not sure what caused his death. It was either that moles just don't live in captivity very long, or that the dog had injured him internally when playing with him the day before.

I was awfully sorry that he died, for he had given me a glimpse of wild life and had made me more interested in animals, but I hope that before long I'll have another pet.

Betty Anderson, Lone Scout



BELOW: NEW YORK CITY GIRL SCOUTS INTERESTED IN CONSERVATION TRANSFORM MANY A SORE SPOT INTO A GARDEN SPOT



Photograph by Paul Parker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

The DESERT CALLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

He sounded genuinely aggrieved, and Charles laughed at him good-humoredly.

"Shall we tell them about it now, Youngster?" he asked Pam. "You're getting along so nicely, there's no need to be self-conscious about your new hobby."

"Oh, well, all right," Pam agreed. "It wasn't anything I really planned, at first. It all began with my feeling sort of—insignificant, with everybody else having a career, or a big talent, or at least a job. And there wasn't anything I was specially good at, or even *wanted* to be good at. Then, about two weeks ago, when Judy was getting some stuff at the market one morning, I happened to ask Carlos, who was driving us, if he knew any shop where I could see some particularly nice examples of Indian silver jewelry. And he knew a place where they had a workshop at the back of the store, with an Indian actually making the jewelry in it. The proprietor of the shop is Mexican and a friend of Carlos, so while Judy was busy, we drove over there, and—"

She caught her breath, and her eyes changed from gray to green. "And I never saw anything so fascinating in my life. That Indian is a real artist—even Charles says so, and he knows good native work. Well, I watched the Indian making a ring, and after a while he lent me his tools to try my hand at copying it from a fresh piece of silver. Glory, but it was thrilling! And somehow my fingers seemed to know the feel of the tools. I'm not making that up—I really felt it. I thought maybe here was something that could mean to me what Hilary's song-making does to her—what Pete calls her 'avocation.' So I asked Carlos to find out if the Indian would be willing to give me lessons once or twice a week, after the shop closed. And he said he would—the Indian, I mean. His name is 'Fingers-that-Make-Alive'—isn't that priceless?"

Her words were literally tumbling over one another now. "When we got back home, I told Charles, as a dead secret, and he was simply *swell* about everything. He went in to town with me the next day and talked to Mr. Gonzales, the proprietor of the shop, and to Fingers-that-Make-Alive—only everybody just calls him John. And they arranged that I could go there every Tuesday and Thursday at six, and work with John for two hours."

"So you're actually making handwrought silver rings and things?" Hilary marveled. "I think that's just wonderful, Pam Strong. Maybe you've found not only an avocation, but a real career. Didn't I tell you something would turn up? When are we going to see what you're making?"

Pam held out her left hand, shyly displaying the silver ring she was wearing on her little finger. "I meant to tell you soon anyhow," she said. "I've been waiting all morning for one of you to notice and ask me about this. Of course," she hastened to add, "the work is pretty crude because it's my first. And I've stuck to one of the conventional Indian symbols. Those tiny silver balls in the circle stand for rain drops, and on the desert rain means luck—and life and things growing. But I want to study lots more about Indian designs. Fingers-that-Make-Alive has told me things that show there is a heap of gorgeous material that most white people haven't the least idea about."

"That ring is good, Pam," Pete said encouragingly. "You keep right on working,

and we'll be saying 'I knew her when' some day. It's probably Dr. Strong's talent coming out in another form in you."

"Judy's going to help me fix up a corner of the living room with a work table and a cabinet for my tools," Pam said, glowing happily at her stepmother. "In fact, after a while, the whole place is going to be a sort of general workshop. Judy wants to send for her loom from storage. She used to weave a lot out in Java, and she had a scrumptious collection of native designs. Now she wants to add some American Indian patterns, too. And Charles is planning to build a study at

Possession

By BURNHAM EATON

What can I do for you, little arbutus
Torn from the earth by a too eager hand,
Pulled from the loam of your home
by the pine tree?

Soil of my garden plot never will
keep you,

Here you may wilt by the home-bred
begonia,

Here on my stand.

Though I would give you the sunniest
window,

Water you well at the turn of the tap,
You will not know of the flow of the
brooklet,

Or gray pungent mosses for you to root
under.

Here is no air like the sudden wind over
The pine-fragrant gap.

What can I give to you, Mayflower,
arbutus?

Thoughts were of taking, I thought not
to give.

What I would hold I have sold for a
dead leaf—

Now I have lost it, the thing I would
capture.

Robin and wake-robin, Mayflower and
moth-wing

Are mine to let live.

the south end of the house for his desk and typewriter and filing cases. He's been getting his notes together, and he's ready for work now. I'm afraid we're a pretty noisy family for an author to have around him, so a place of his own, where he can shut the door, will help.

"And Tim," she ran on eagerly, "wants to do some studying—Tim, may I tell about next winter?"

The boy shrugged, and taking that for consent Pam plunged on dramatically, "Charles has decided we'll come back early next fall, after the hot weather's over, and spend the whole winter. Tim will enter the University of Arizona, here in Tucson. Won't that be swell? And I'm going to high school. Tim and I will have a little car of our own and drive in and out every day."

Hilary clapped her hands, and Pete said heartily, "That's first rate news."

He dropped his voice, speaking to Pam so the others shouldn't hear. "You're the kind of girl who belongs out here, Pam. There aren't many from back East who fit in, the way you do. I can't seem to picture you living in a big city like Chicago, or New York—any more than I can think of your father being happy there. You two belong to the desert, and I hope you'll all settle down and stay here permanently."

Pam flushed at the sincerity in his voice. His dark eyes were friendly and admiring as they met hers, and he added, awkwardly, "Till I got to know you, I never had much use for girls—except Hil, of course. The girls I knew in high school usually seemed kind of silly and empty-headed. And they were Western girls, too. So I supposed someone from the East would be a complete misfit out here."

"Most girls are always wanting a fellow to take them to dances or movies, and expecting him to make pretty speeches they really couldn't believe if they used their brains. No girl I've met but you likes the things Hil and I do—" he waved a hand about them. "Swimming, I mean, and picnics, and riding and hikes. Yet you weren't brought up that way."

He studied her in a half-puzzled fashion, and then added comfortably, somewhat spoiling the effect of his compliment, "It's because you've got a father like Dr. Strong, I guess. You just couldn't help yourself."

Pam had to look away while she bit back a smile. But his words, and the warmth in his voice, pleased her.

"By the way, children," Charles said, suddenly stopping in his slow, comfortable puffing at his pipe, "I don't know how I happened to forget—I meant to tell you last night. There was a letter for me at the post office when I drove in town yesterday afternoon. I'll give you as many guesses as you like whom it was from, and then you'll never be right. Pete and Hilary, this will interest you, too."

But nobody had any ideas. There wasn't a single person they could think of who was known to all of them. Charles obligingly helped out with a clue. "It's postmarked San Francisco," he told them.

"I, for one, don't know a soul in San Francisco," Pam protested.

"But you know of someone," Charles persisted. "And Pete and Hilary actually do know him."

"Uncle Bill!" Pete ejaculated. "Do you mean you've heard from him? How is he? Gosh, I wish he'd come back and visit us! I believe he'd get well again in his native desert air."

Charles said, more soberly, "You're getting warm, son. The letter wasn't from Bill McHenry himself, though, but—and that's the odd thing—it's from his eldest niece. Elizabeth Yarnell's her name. Sorry I haven't the letter up here with me, but I'll show it to you later. She's his sister's daughter. You know—the sister he was on his way to San Francisco to live with, when Judy and Tim and I met him."

"She isn't writing to say Uncle Bill is dead?" Hilary asked in alarm.

Charles shook his head. "Not that, though she says he's pretty low and the doctor doesn't hold out any real hope. No, she's coming to Tucson apparently on some business for McHenry, she doesn't specify what. But she's very anxious to see Rosita Canyon and the

cabin. Seems McHenry has talked a lot about his old home, and I suppose the kid's curious. She asked if she might call on us when she arrives."

"But how funny!" Hilary said wonderingly. "Why doesn't she wait till she gets to Tucson, and then just come on out and make her call?"

"Perhaps," Judy suggested, "she's hoping we might ask her to visit us here. She probably doesn't know what a big family we are, and thinks we could squeeze her in somewhere. As I remember, Mr. McHenry gave us the impression his sister was pretty hard up, so there may not be much money for hotels. I wish we could ask her," she said, hospitably. "If she's as nice as her uncle, she ought to be a guest we'd enjoy entertaining."

"But, of course, she must come to us," Hilary broke in. "Why didn't I think of that at once? Did she say when she was leaving, Dr. Strong? Aunt Emmie will want to write to her, I know. Why, Uncle Bill half lived at our house, or we at his, when Pete and I were youngsters. I'm going to write, too, so she'll know there will be other young people to give her a good time."

"She says she's nineteen, and that this will be the first time she's ever been away from home alone," Charles said. He smiled a little as if this bit of *naïveté* amused him. "I'm inclined," he added, his grin broadening, "on second thought, to agree with Judy. That touch about being nineteen and—by inference—afraid of the big, bad world, *might* be a delicately conveyed hint. I wouldn't be surprised if Miss Elizabeth is something of a minx."

"Oh, Charles, what a dreadful thing to think about her!" Pam scolded him, horrified. "You don't really mean it, though. I expect she's just excited over the trip. Remember how wild I was when we left Chicago? I might have said or written anything, and never meant it to be taken seriously. I believe I'll write to her, too, as well as Hilary. If we can't find room for her to sleep here, at least we can have her all day, and as many days as she'll come."

They began gathering up the remains of the picnic breakfast, preparatory to moving down to the house. The sun was high enough in the sky now to make even the stream side too warm for comfort.

"We'll have to plan a lot of picnics and drives and sight-seeing for Elizabeth," Hilary began, as she and Pam walked down the steep path to the cabin together, their arms linked.

"She's older than we are, if she's nineteen," Pam reminded her, a little doubt in her tone. "Of course Pete's eighteen, but he's so big he may seem older to her. I wonder if she'll expect things to be formal. Perhaps she won't like roughing it."

"Well, after all, it was her own uncle's house. He must have told her about it," Hilary pointed out reasonably. "And there's not much use in trying to figure out beforehand what she'll be like, I guess. She may be as nice as Uncle Bill's niece ought to be, or she may be a minx, as your father called her. It was sort of funny, her writing a letter like that, though. I wonder just what she's coming for. I can't see how poor Uncle Bill can have much business here after all these years."

Pete came up with them just then. "Say, this day is going to be a humdinger if it starts off as hot as this by breakfast time," he declared. "But there's usually a breeze, as Hil knows, high up in the mountains. What do you say we all pile into the roadster now and

(Continued on page 33)



You need "fuel" . . . lots of it . . . to keep going the way you do. A nourishing breakfast every morning really helps. It helps you be ready for fun.

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Enclosed please find 10¢ (coin) which I have wrapped in a piece of paper . . . also the top from one package of Wheaties . . . for which please send me your WHEATIES PEDOMETER as advertised, postpaid.

Name.....

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DANIEL BOONE'S CAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

clever at fooling the Indians, even at times seeming to make friends with them. His best friends wound up by saying emphatically, "Daniel is no traitor."

The Boone cat had taken great satisfaction in scratching one man who had inferred that he was.

Yet somehow Rebecca Boone, who had always been the bravest of the brave, lost heart. She heard whisperings that her husband must be dead and, little by little, she came to believe that this was true. Otherwise, she felt sure, Daniel would have escaped, or at least have managed to send some word to her. He had been captured by Indians before, but never had she been so long without any news of him, over three months.

Surely, she reasoned, he would not want young Daniel Morgan, their remaining son, to be killed by the Indians as his brother had been a few years before, or captured as Jemima had been. The families of the other missing men were going back to the North Carolina settlement that spring. Rebecca decided that she would take Daniel Morgan and go with them. She asked Jemima if she might take the cat, too.

"You know," said Rebecca Boone to her daughter, "the cat always makes me think of Daniel. It must be the way she creeps through the cane and the way she purrs."

"Yes, I know," said Jemima. "You may take her with you, though I shall miss her."

"We'll take good care of her, sister," promised young Daniel Morgan.

The cat had been lying by the hearth, pretending to be asleep. She had not missed a word of the conversation, however. And right then and there she made up her mind. She was *not* going East.

So, on the morning when the pack horses were loaded and ready to depart, the cat could not be found. Rebecca and young Daniel Morgan called and called, and even Jemima called, too, though half-heartedly.

The cat had hidden herself in a safe place, on a great branch of the elm which stood not far from one corner of the stockade. Through the new leaves she could see everything that went on, but no one could see her.

She had no intention of leaving her perch, but as the calling continued she felt herself weakening the least bit, and for the space of a minute she had more than half a mind to descend. Then she heard Daniel Morgan saying to Old Spot, "Good-by, Old Timer! Take care of things."

The cat bristled. Why, the very idea! Young Daniel didn't have the sense his father had, not by a long shot. Old Daniel hadn't asked the cow to take care of things. No, indeed! He had asked her, the cat.

She settled herself, lying flat along the branch. Of course she was not going. She was staying at Boonesboro to take care of things.

No sooner were the loaded horses and the last guard out of sight than the Boone cat descended from the tree, stretched herself, and went straight to the Boone cabin. The door wasn't latched so she managed to push it open and went inside.

The cabin looked dreary enough, with the pieced coverlets removed from the bed, the straw gone from the tick, the kettles no longer bubbling on the hearth, and the last coal giving a final wink. But it was Daniel's cabin and the cat's cabin. She would stay there.

And stay she did. Jemima caught sight of her and tried her best to lure the cat to her own cosy cabin and her own fireside, with its blazing fire and bubbling pots. But the cat would not be lured. Not the most tempting gourdful of Old Spot's creamy milk, placed over the threshold, would tease her inside Jemima's cabin. She hunted her own food as best she could, and the settlers were sorry for her and fed her.

"Boone's family has gone, but the cat is staying," the neighbors said. "It is a good sign."

The cat didn't know what they meant by that, but she knew she must take care of



things. So she chased a field mouse out of the cabin, destroyed a grass snake that dared intrude, and slept every night on the cold stone in front of the fireless hearth, accepting the gifts of food she sometimes found on the doorstep.

The weeks passed. "If all goes well, Rebecca Boone should be getting home by now," said one of the women at Boonesboro one morning, with a sigh.

She opened the stockade gate as she spoke, and the cat ran out and went into the woods. There was a chipmunk there she had been stalking for days.

And thus it happened that the Boone cat was the first one to see a stranger approaching the stockade, a man lean and dirty, with a long Indian scalp lock on his head and traces of paint still on his sunburned face. His clothes were in tatters, and he wore footgear made of bark and tied to his feet. He was walking with difficulty and he stumbled every now and then. His breath came in rasping gulps.

The cat was astonished. Here was an Indian going straight toward the open door of the stockade, and not even Old Spot was giving the alarm. Here was—but suddenly she leaped from her hiding place and followed after the wavering footsteps. As she did so her tail began to wave back and forth, a banner lifting above the new cornstalks. The cat knew now—*this was Old Daniel come home!*

She drew closer, started to twine herself about the man's legs. Then someone working in the field nearest the stockade discovered him, raised a hand to shade curious eyes, and ran forward shouting over his shoulder, "It's Boone—it's Old Daniel himself!"

Everyone within hearing of his voice came crowding forth from the stockade, echoing the words, "It's Boone! Daniel's back!"

Jemima rushed forth, too. "Come home with me, Father," she cried.

But Daniel shook his head. "No, your ma first," he answered, "and Daniel Morgan. Got a little something for him," and he waved a package done up in green leaves.

At the sudden light in his eyes, Jemima couldn't find words to tell him that Rebecca and Daniel Morgan were gone. At her dismay the others hushed their welcome and drew back. They could not tell him, either. Only the cat crept under a bush by the door and waited.

Daniel pushed the door open wide, calling eagerly, "Rebecca! Daniel!"

And then he stopped, his mouth falling open, his shoulders sagging. No clothes hung against the rough logs, all the wooden pegs were empty. The cold ashes on the hearth had no single warm eye of welcome. The bright coverlets were gone from the bed. Only an empty cabin.

Four months he had spent in the wilderness, four months in many kinds of dangers, acting a part always, being friendly, joking with the Indians, all the while thinking of Boonesboro and of Rebecca, and planning, planning how to escape. Only the picture of his trim cabin with his wife and son waiting to welcome him, and with the cat purring by the hearth and the kettle boiling, had enabled him to endure life with the Indians.

After every danger, Rebecca had always before been waiting, smiling, ready to hear all that happened, to praise him for his courage and resourcefulness. Then he remembered the package in his hand. It was a buffalo tongue, saved from the creature he had killed at Johnson's Fork. He had brought it home as a gift for his son, for buffalo tongue was Daniel Morgan's favorite delicacy. Old Daniel looked sorrowfully now at the leaf-wrapped package. Then, very carefully, he placed it on the window sill.

He ran a finger back and forth through the dust on the sill, dust on either side of the package. Then, all at once, he was conscious of something curling and uncurling about his feet, something weaving back and forth, in and out, back arched, tail high, all the while uttering a sound somewhat like that of a kettle boiling.

Daniel drew a deep breath. He wasn't alone then in the cabin after all. There was *someone* waiting to greet him, *someone* glad he was home, *someone* to whom he could talk, telling the small intimate details which one shared only with those in one's own home.

He picked up the package on the window sill and unwrapped the buffalo tongue. "Here, Old Timer," he said, sitting down on a three-legged stool. The cat jumped into his lap and settled herself.

Then Jemima opened the door and came inside. She was carrying a dish of warm food. She explained while her father ate, and Daniel understood how Rebecca had felt. She had done right, he agreed, to go East with Daniel Morgan, fearing as she did that his father was dead.

"But I'm not dead," he declared, more cheerfully, "not by a long shot. It takes a lot to kill an old timer."

He told then how the other white men were safe, held as prisoners of war at Detroit. Old Daniel had persuaded the Indians to protect them, and not to make them run the

gauntlet, something every captive usually had to do.

He even laughed as he told *Jemima* how, in extracting that promise from the Indians concerning the other white men, he had forgotten to make any such stipulation concerning himself, and so he had been compelled to run between two lines of Indian warriors armed with all sorts of things with which to strike him. But by zig-zagging from side to side, Old Daniel had come out fairly well, even knocking down one Indian who stood in his path. "I butted him in the stomach," he chuckled, "and he went sprawling."

Daniel had finally escaped and made his way through unbelievable dangers back to Boonesboro, in order to warn the Kentucky forts that the Indians would soon be upon them. He had seen the war party preparing.

After her father had told his tale and had eaten every bit of the food she had brought, *Jemima* fetched from her own cabin a freshly-filled straw tick, and quilts from her own store. "Now you must rest," she said when she had made him comfortable.

She paused for a moment on the step, to look back at her father before closing the door. Old Daniel was lying on the bed and the cat had jumped up beside him. Daniel was laughing as he opened his hunting jacket and buttoned her inside, her head sticking out level with his chin.

Then came a curious sound—or, rather, two sounds intermingled. *Jemima* smiled as she latched the door and went off through the dusk to her own cabin, for both old timers were purring in unison.

DESERT CALLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

go find ourselves some cool weather, if any?"

"Pete, you're insatiable about picnics," Hilary protested. "For myself, I simply can't take a whole day off around the first of the month. There are bills to go out, and a batch of new orders that came in last night to be taken care of. But why don't you take Pam and Tim? It will be cool if you go up high enough. And you can get home in time for Pam and her father to keep their engagement."

"I'd love that," Pam said eagerly. "I know Charles is going to work on his book to-day, and in that case he'll be glad to have the place to himself. Except for Judy, of course. She'll want to stay and see he gets properly fed." She turned and called to Tim in her friendliest voice, "Come on and hear the latest! Pete's going to take you and me up in the mountains somewhere for lunch, to cool off."

Tim seemed to be in an affable mood. He strolled up with an expectant expression, and nodded agreement to the program under discussion. "Sounds okay—count me in," he said. "Isn't Hilary going?" he added.

Pam had noticed, on several occasions, that Hilary never seemed to rouse antagonism in Tim, as she and Pete seemed to be constantly doing. When Hilary explained her business at the ranch Tim looked frankly disappointed, but his good humor persisted, to Pam's relief. If he could only be like this all the time, and meet her own well-meant efforts at coöperation, at least part of the way!

"You can drop me off at the ranch," Hilary planned capably. "And about lunch—there's corn, I know, picked this morning, that you can take for roasting, and there are chops in

(Continued on page 37)



"Pinafore" ALMOST LOST A CHORUS GIRL LAST NIGHT!

"Hurry, Judy! Only five minutes to curtain call!"

"It's no use, Carol—they'll have to go on without me."

"Judy! You can't do that to our class show! Are you crazy?"

"Nope—just too uncomfortable to dance another step. Why, oh, why did this have to happen now!"

"Stop sniffing, Judy—I'm coming to your rescue. I've got a box of Modess right over here in my bag—and you're going to find it's the softest, most comfortable—"

"Now, look here, Carol—there can't be enough difference in sanitary napkins—"

"Silly, there is! Don't argue with me—get ready! I'm off to tell 'em to hold that curtain!"

BETWEEN ACTS

"Carol, darling—you saved my life! I never knew such comfort. Gosh, I feel great!"

"Of course, you do! Didn't I tell you?"

"You did—and now tell me more. Why is

Modess so blessedly soft and comfortable?"

"Because it's got a *different* sort of filler—airy, downy fluff—not a bit like most other napkins."

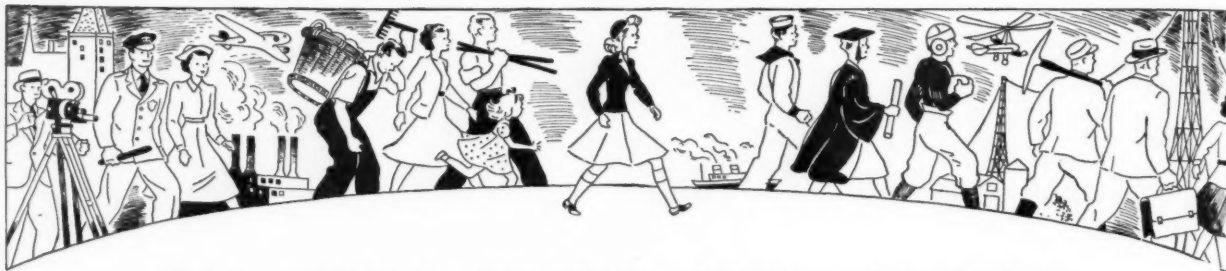
"Fluff. Sounds soft—and it sure is soft!"

"And Modess is *safe*, too, Judy—the pamphlet inside every Modess package tells you why."

"Well, thanks, Carol. I'm for Modess from now on."

"Wise girl! Ask your Mother to get you Modess Junior. It's just the same as regular Modess except it's a little narrower. And you can get a box of ten napkins for only 15¢!"





IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

GUNS AMONG THE PALMS

For many years Great Britain, bland under provocation, spoke softly to Japan. Last February, however, she raised her voice, started "talking tough" to Nippon. There are many who think this change is due partly to American urging. Uncle Sam, too, has taken a different attitude since Japan signed the three-power pact binding her to Germany and Italy. One indication of this is the action of the House of Representatives, in voting almost five million dollars for deepening the harbor of our naval base on the island of Guam. Previously the House had frowned on moves to strengthen Guam,



on the theory that we might offend Japan.

This new American firmness probably played a part in Britain's stiffened attitude, but there's a much stronger reason. Japan has been edging closer and closer to one of Britain's bulwarks of empire, the naval and air base at Singapore.

Just off the south tip of Malaya, Singapore sits at a strategic crossroad of the seas. If it should fall into Japanese hands, many British hopes would fall, too—the hope of defending India, Australia, New Zealand, of keeping open the shipping lanes along which men and materials are reaching British forces in North Africa. No wonder the British labored for fifteen years and spent two hundred and fifty million dollars in an effort to make Singapore impregnable.

Travelers say this tropical city is one of the world's strangest. Built on a low, flat island twenty-six miles long, it has a curiously mixed population of six hundred thousand. Chinese, Malays, East Indians, Siamese, a scattering of whites, and scores of other racial stocks rub elbows along its streets. In its temples, men pray to a dozen pagan gods. (The sketch shows one of them, a forty-foot Buddha.) On many of its streets modern buildings rise, yet hunters sometimes shoot tigers not more than twenty-five miles from its center, and pythons, feeding on rats, live in its drains.

Beyond its suburbs lie the British fortifications, many of them hidden amid palm trees and jungle ferns. Great camouflaged

guns lurk there. The largest of them can throw shells, weighing three thousand pounds each, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Northeast of the city, partly concealed by tropical growth, is the naval base with its huge dry-dock. "Our island looks like a Garden of Eden"—so residents tell travelers—"but if attackers come, they'll think it is an arsenal."

MAN FROM ACROSS THE SEA

Edward Frederick Lindley Wood—a long name and one few people know. On April 16, 1881, the child, who was to be so named, was born in Yorkshire, England. "The finest child you ever saw, quite enormous," his father said of him proudly. Later, he was forced to add that the little boy had a withered left arm.

This child was to become Lord Halifax; he was to attain an office interesting to every one of us—British Ambassador to the United States.

During his childhood, his father's ideas for his training were in line with modern thought. He was brought up to forget his bad arm and to play every athletic game possible for him. Horseback riding he found difficult, but he mastered it and was said to ride "like a god." He put up an excellent game of tennis. Eventually, he grew to be six feet five inches tall—the tallest man in English politics—and, his admirers insist, the politest.

In 1926 he was made Viceroy of India, a difficult post to fill, but he filled it with a success born of tact. He paid frequent calls on Mahatma Gandhi, arriving without pomp, sometimes on foot. He and Gandhi had long, earnest talks and often, both being deeply religious, they prayed together. There are those who feel that, except for the work of



Lord Halifax, India would now be lost to England.

After the allotted five years in India, Lord Halifax became England's Minister of Education, then War Secretary. Still later he was appointed Foreign Secretary.

When he arrived in this country on the new battleship *King George V*, his wife was with him. She is said to be charming, witty, and still more important, to act at times as critic of his work.

STEEDS OF THE SANDS

"Saddle your camels and ride!" It was those words—or, rather, their French equivalent—which sent native camel corps off on trips across the eastern Sahara. These were no ordinary caravan journeys. They had as their ultimate object the capture of oases fortified by the Italians. Moving north from Lake Chad, under the command of "Free French" captains, the camel corps troopers fell on the surprised Italians, captured large numbers of them.

The Free French and the British gave credit to the desert tribesmen. Equal credit was due the tribesmen's mounts—racing camels. Such beasts, bred for endurance and speed, can "cruise" the sands with so much stamina,



so much mobility, that Lawrence of Arabia used to say camel corps were more like naval units than land formations. They can sweep along at a steady ten miles an hour. Also, they have been trained to walk so silently—without whining or snorting—that they and their riders have passed within sixty feet of enemy camps without being heard.

These sad-eyed, supercilious beasts must be well treated if they are to give their best. In fact, camel cavalymen declare that they pet their mounts, sometimes.

A camel is marvelously adapted for desert life. Even at birth he is cushioned with the calluses, or pads, he will need when, fully grown, he lets his heavy body sink to rest. Two compartments of his three-section stomach are provided with honeycomb cells, which he fills when he "tanks up" before a trip. The extra water thus carried enables him to travel for ten days—in an extreme emergency—without a drink. He has eyelashes that can interlock tightly and protectively when a sandstorm strikes, and nostrils that can either spread widely to sniff for the scent of a far-off oasis, or narrow to slits so thin that not a grain of flying sand is drawn in when he breathes.

It's not hard to understand why troopers of camel corps—and, in fact, all desert voyagers—prize such beasts, tend them carefully, part with them reluctantly. In the sandy waste lands camels often mean the difference between living and dying.

WEATHER WISDOM

The strangest summer weather in American history came in 1816. That year, afterward known as "eighteen-hundred-and-froze-to-death," saw the cold of early spring persisting. Crops failed to ripen in many sections of the country. In June, a foot of snow covered parts of New England. Never did a bewildered nation need a Weather Bureau more, to explain and reassure.

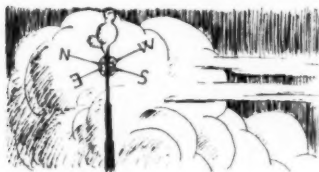
The chief reason for those ice-box conditions—not learned until summer was over—was that a volcano in the East Indies, in tremendous eruption, had filled the air with volcanic dust. Countless fine particles, spreading through most of the upper atmosphere and lingering for many weeks, had filtered out some of the sun's warmth and brought temperatures down.

The anxiety and fear of that eerie summer made many people clamor for a weather service. But it was not until 1870 that a Meteorological Bureau was set up under the Army Signal Corps. It and its successor, the United States Weather Bureau, jogged along, reporting and forecasting in a none-too-accurate way, until about twenty-one years ago. At that time a group of Norwegian scientists, led by Vilhelm Bjerknes and his son Jakob, worked out a revolutionary theory known as "air-mass analysis."

Air-mass experts see the earth as a weather machine driven by the sun. The vast differences in temperature on this globular machine set up continuous currents of air. These atmospheric streams form a complex pattern but, in general, fall into two types: cool, dry formations of air flowing south from the poles, and warm, moist air formations voyaging north from the equator. Such formations are like tremendous tongues, thirty thousand feet thick, at times, snaking, twisting, licking sideways and up and down along the world.

Thrusting cool currents meet thrusting warm currents and struggle against each other like land armies locked in combat. The zones of these ethereal conflicts are called "fronts." It's precisely on these fronts that we find dense clouds, rain, high winds, snow, thunderstorms.

According to air-mass analysts, the weather on the earth's surface depends on just such lofty conflicts. Since it's all-important to gain information about windy goings-on high above the earth, forecasters have devised a near-human gadget called a radio-sonde. Each of these instruments is about as big as a lunch



box and holds a tiny radio transmitter, a battery, and devices to record atmospheric conditions. Carried as high as ten or eleven miles by a hydrogen balloon, each sends a continuous stream of signals to a ground station below. These signals are recorded automatically on a roll of paper. Interpreted, they force the upper air to give up its secrets. Result: forecasts of greater accuracy than old-time weather men could hope for. Since weather wisdom is vital to national defense, such exactness is especially important to us now.



Spring days ahead—soft, warm days, with an urge to go places and do things. Busy days, too, for Girl Scout Leaders, filled with plans and meetings, troop hikes and trips. To be smartly dressed for all occasions, wear your Leader's uniform. As attractive as any of the newest tailleurs, it will add prestige and assure you a welcome everywhere.

Perfect for Spring wear is the new short-sleeved model, expertly tailored in cool Crown-tested spun rayon—color-fast and Sanforized. The action back pleats are stitched down (stitching may be removed for even greater freedom) and crisp white piqué outlines the neck. In silver-green, sizes 12-20, 40-44.

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 2-111 Spun rayon, short sleeves..... | \$6.95 |
| 2-104 Girl Scout Sanforized cloth, long sleeves..... | 4.95 |
| 2-109 Sanforized madras, long sleeves..... | 4.95 |

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

National Equipment Service

14 West 49th Street, New York

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR LOOKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

result in a pinched, sour face that might as well proclaim aloud, "My feet hurt."

Next, you are ready to tackle the sitting problem. No matter how beautifully you stand and walk, the illusion is lost when you drop like a sack of potatoes into a chair and relax on the small of your back.

Practice standing with your back to a chair, the weight of one foot on the toes, which are slightly behind the other foot. Bending your knees, lower yourself gently into the chair. Simple, isn't it? And how much more graceful! When you want to stand, do it just the opposite way, pushing up with the muscles of your feet and pulling up with your chest. Never, never grab the arms of the chair and push yourself up like a tired old lady.

While you are actually sitting in the chair, remember to keep that chest up and your rear back against the back of the chair. That is, unless you want to develop a dowager's hump and a pouchy tummy, in which case you might as well go ahead and slump.

If you find it difficult to keep your abdomen flat, here is an exercise that will tighten up those lazy stomach muscles. Lie flat on your back on the floor, your arms at your sides and your toes pointed. Keeping your legs together and very stiff, slowly, slowly, raise them until at last your toes are pointing to the ceiling. Now, just as slowly lower them back to the floor. Feel the pull across that tummy? Don't do this exercise more than a couple of times at once for the first week; then, when your muscles are getting toned up, you can do it five to ten times night and morning.

Any outdoor exercise will help your posture by keeping your muscles firm and supple. Swimming is one of the best all-round exercises for the development of the body, but basketball, hockey, tennis, golf, bicycling, and hiking are all good.

Good-grooming rule number two, "Be clean," should need no further comment, but it is surprising how careless even the nicest girls can be. Of course you are not going around actually dirty, but to be truly charming you should never be even "slightly soiled around the edges."

There is no better way to start a new day than by taking a brisk tub, or shower bath. It wakes you up and fills you with new confidence in yourself. There is no substitute for that freshly scrubbed feeling, and if you haven't time for a bath, you should at least treat yourself to a thorough soap-and-water sponging at the wash bowl.

If you never forget your morning scrub, you won't get the habit of saying, "I'll just wear these underthings one more day." You will feel so clean and fresh that only underthings that are also clean and fresh will feel right next to your skin. If you can't keep enough clean stockings and underclothes on hand between weekly washings, wash your things out every night in the wash bowl.

If you perspire excessively, ask your mother to suggest a pure, mild deodorant to apply beneath your arm pits. It is a good idea to pin, or sew, dress-shields in all your wool, silk, and non-washable dresses, or you may wear one of those brassieres with attached shields. Dusting under your arms with talcum powder in your favorite scent makes you feel fresh and sweet, but don't ever use it as a cover-up to take the place of a bath.

If you are smart and wear washable dresses

and blouses, be sure they have that fresh, clean, starched look before you let yourself be seen in them. If you have sweaters in your wardrobe, always give them a "sniff test" under the armholes to make sure they are still clean and fragrant. Musty perspiration odors, no matter how faint they might seem to you, can cause a strain on the strongest friendships.

Good-grooming rule number three covers a variety of little details that go to make up neatness. It is a rule that is never violated by actresses, who must always make a good impression. "Be neat," is a rule that is also heeded by well-groomed women and girls everywhere, for they find it just as important in social life as in business life.

This means attention to shoes. Dark shoes should be regularly polished, white shoes always white and gleaming. Laces should be neatly tied, and if they are white they will need frequent washing. Heels should be repaired long before worn off, or run over.

This means attention to underclothes. Torn lace on slips should be mended. Shoulder straps should be pinned or snapped to the shoulder seams of your dress, if they refuse to know their place. If your slips sag beneath the hems of your dresses, take up the shoulder straps, or make a deeper hem in the slips.

This means attention to your dresses. Check them before each wearing for spots, tears, rips, or untidy wrinkles. If you can't remove the spots with dry-cleaning fluid—one of the non-explosive spot removers is the only kind it is safe to keep in your house—then your dress is ready to be sent out to the cleaners. (Don't try to clean your clothes at home with gasoline, or ordinary cleaning solvents. It is never worth the risk.) And tackle those creases and wrinkles with an iron before you pronounce the dress fit to wear.

Do you have any pins masquerading as buttons or snaps? Shame on you! Get out your needle and thread and handy mending box, so you can put the snaps and buttons back in their rightful places.

It is a good idea to spend a half hour every evening checking your clothes for the next day, repairing, mending, and pressing. Then you will have no excuse for rushing out of the house the next morning looking like Raggedy Ann.

The fourth good-grooming rule concerns the care of your teeth. The basis of any smile is a set of good, sound teeth. Decayed or yellowed teeth are not a pretty sight, and everybody's teeth should be attended to by seeing a dentist regularly every six months, for fillings and a thorough cleaning.

Don't be dismayed if your teeth are not perfectly straight and even; they will be attractive, anyway, if you keep them clean and sound. Both Virginia Weidler and Gloria Jean have slightly crooked teeth, but both girls are so well groomed at all times that the unevenness of their teeth does not harm their looks.

"See your dentist twice a year" is a good slogan for old and young, but if your teeth are exceptionally soft and susceptible to decay, a few extra check-ups may help you catch the cavities while they are small.

While you are at the dentist's, ask him to show you the best way to brush your teeth—even though you've been doing it for *umteen* years and are sure you know how. It is a good plan to have at least two tooth brushes, one for morning and one for night—but they

won't do you a bit of good unless you use them. A good dentifrice—paste, powder, or liquid—should be used regularly. A pleasant mouth wash, also, will help to keep you feeling clean and fresh.

If possible, brush your teeth after each meal—but, of course, that isn't always possible. If you carry your lunch to school, you can make up by including a raw carrot, a stalk of celery, or an apple for a "finisher-upper." These hard foods will act as a substitute for your tooth brush by cleaning your teeth of soft, sweet foods, and massaging your gums.

Bad breath may be caused by decayed teeth which are left untended, or by foods which are left to ferment between the teeth. If you still have bad breath after you have made sure that your teeth are sound and have been brushed thoroughly and regularly, you had better look to your stomach for the trouble. Cut out sweets and rich foods for a while, eat more fresh fruits and vegetables, get more outdoor exercise, and be sure you have regular elimination.

One more word about bad breath. Don't rely upon yourself to detect this enemy of friendships—you can exhale foul whiffs and never suspect the worst. One young actress I know has her mother check her breath every morning before breakfast. It would not be a bad idea to ask your mother, your sister, or a friend to tell you frankly when you are likely to offend. Then you will be able to keep your face away from others until you get a chance to brush your teeth and settle your stomach.

Good-grooming rule number five is: "Keep your hair clean, brushed, and neat." The number of times to wash your hair depends on its condition, and what you have been doing to get it dirty. Oily hair should be washed as soon as it tends to get oily again, which will be at least once a week. Dry hair may go for ten days to two weeks, if it is brushed vigorously every day with a clean brush, but it won't hurt you to give yourself an oil shampoo weekly.

If you wash your hair with soap, be careful never to rub the cake directly on your hair. A good plan is to shave up scraps of mild soap and boil them in water until dissolved. You can keep this soap jelly in a jar, to use as you need it. Or you might whip up a bowl of suds with one of those mild, quick-dissolving soap powders designed for silks and woolsens, and wash your hair in the foamy suds.

The main thing to remember, when washing your hair, is to give it plenty of rinsing. A small hose with spray attachment, which can be bought to fit on your mixing faucet, is the ideal way to rinse your hair thoroughly. Several of the actresses wash their hair in the shower. A quarter of a cup of vinegar, or a little strained lemon juice in the last rinse water, will help to get out every vestige of the soap.

If you do not wish to use ordinary soap, you might try some of the excellent shampoos on the market. Try different ones, if you wish, but remember to follow the manufacturer's directions on the bottle. Find the one that works the best for *your* hair, one that will leave it clean, soft, and shining.

One actress in Hollywood prefers an egg shampoo, especially if she is working on location where she might have to use cold water. She separates an egg into two small bowls (if your hair is long, you will probably

need two eggs), and beats each part with a fork. She rubs the white of the egg into her wet hair *first*, then rinses it with cool water. Then the yolk is rubbed in well, her head massaged again, and then several more cool rinses leave her hair soft and with a lovely sheen. But don't use hot water for an egg shampoo, unless you want to comb a poached egg out of your hair.

The next secret for lovely hair is regular and vigorous brushing. Too many girls are afraid of the hairbrush, and when they do use it they gingerly draw it over the top of their hair. Brushing won't hurt your curls. If your hair is naturally wavy, like Bonita Granville's, brushing will help to give life and strength to the waves. And if, like Deanna Durbin, Gloria Jean, and Judy Garland, you have a permanent to supply the curls that Nature forgot, brushing will keep the ends from becoming dry and frizzy. It will make your topknot more manageable, so that you can more easily arrange it in soft waves or neat curls.

If you have dry hair, vigorous daily brushing will stimulate the lazy oil ducts toward a normal output, and spread the oil down along the strands of hair. The stimulation of brushing will also help to bring overactive oil ducts back to normal. For dandruff, a good tonic rubbed into the scalp, and again the vigorous brushing, will help to cut down on your shoulder snowfall. If this does not soon cure it, see your doctor to find out if you have some sort of an infectious dandruff.

If, after washing and brushing your hair, you still cannot comb it into a neat hair-do because it is too bushy, you had better hie yourself to the barber shop and get it thinned. And you want to be a frequent customer for a neck trim, if you wear your hair short.

Good-grooming rule number six is: "Soft, clean hands are lovely hands." Always give special attention to your hands while taking a bath, scrubbing your nails and knuckles with a hand brush, and pushing the cuticle back on your nails with a soft towel as you dry. (It wouldn't hurt to use the hand brush on elbows and knees while you're about it.)

Keep a jar of cold cream, or a bottle of hand lotion handy, to use after you have had your hands in water. This will keep them soft and supple, and prevent them from drying out. If the cuticle around your nails is dry and you are bothered with hangnails, rub vegetable or olive oil into them several times a day. Above all, keep your nails scrupulously clean and filed to a neat, fairly short curve.

The last good-grooming rule is, "Balanced foods, plus daily skin care, equal a lovely complexion."

DESERT CALLING

the ice box. And you can always have fruit, of course. Why don't you make it a real camp-fire picnic this time, and cook it yourselves?"

Both Tim's and Pam's eyes sparkled. Hilary's menu sounded far more alluring than a prepared-before-hand picnic.

An hour later they had left Hilary at the ranch, packed the eatables and some cold drinks in the rumble seat, and were pushing on gaily for their destination—one of Pete's favorite picnic sites high up in the Rincons, to the east.

They found just the right place for their fire on the banks of a noisy, rock-filled mountain brook that was very much like their own Rosita Creek, and collected firewood.

Pam, who had learned to enjoy wading in

No matter how you pamper your skin, you will never have a perfect complexion unless you keep an eye on what goes into your stomach. Cream puffs, fried foods, gravies, pies, and rich desserts won't do a thing for your complexion—or for your figure, either. If you eat them between meals, they will cut up twice as much. Best leave them alone, or at least be stingy with the amounts you allow yourself.

The best friends of a good complexion are fresh fruits and vegetables, raw in salads, or cooked. You ought to have several cooked vegetables and at least one raw vegetable every day, big servings, too. All dairy products will help to keep your skin clear and glowing: milk, buttermilk, cottage cheese, and eggs.

Be sure not to get up so late that you have to rush off without your breakfast. Stewed dried fruit, or fresh fruit should be a part of every breakfast. You should have a poached egg, toast, and milk, also—and don't skip this meal if you want to look your best through the day.

If you are thin, and want a between-meal snack, drink milk and add a few graham crackers. If you are just hungry and want something to eat after school, go to the grocery for an apple, orange, or other fruit—that is, if you really want that nice complexion!

Don't be afraid to use plenty of mild soap and water on your face, and at least twice a day. Be sure your wash cloth and towel are clean. If you have a complexion brush, it will be especially useful to keep the blackheads from nesting above your chin and at the sides of your nose.

It is good to have a pure cold cream or all-purpose cream on your dressing table. A good creaming will keep your face from getting dry or rough after exposure to sun, dampness, cold, or wind. It is also fine for removing dust and make-up at the end of the day, and it helps to soften the hard tops of blackheads so that your soap-and-water scrubbing can work them out.

All of this seems a lot to do, to keep yourself as well groomed as a movie star. But if you will make out a daily program for yourself, with plenty of time allowed night and morning for your grooming, you will soon find that you can't ever let yourself slip into a rut of sloppiness again. It feels too grand and luxurious to be shinningly clean and fresh-looking, with your body tall and straight as an arrow, your skin smooth and clear, your hair soft and shining. And why *shouldn't* you, like the movie stars, make the most of your looks?

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the cold mountain brooks since coming to Arizona, lazily left the cooking of the lunch to the two boys while she paddled in the clear, foaming water, climbing over the wet rocks and chasing tiny minnows as if she had been five years old.

Nothing ever tastes so good as food eaten out in the open, she decided later, devouring an ear of roasted corn and watching a big, puffy cloud come up slowly, over the high, rugged peak of the mountain above them. After the feast was eaten, she leaned back against a warm rock and gave herself up to daydreaming, while Tim and Pete discussed, pointedly, whether the person who had successfully dodged preparing the meal shouldn't,

(Continued on page 46)



FIRST OF ALL WE MUST BE "On the Alert"

Exciting times make great demands—we must be on guard in every way.

Your own "defense program" can start right away—defense against the irritation and discomfort of inadequate sanitary protection.

It may seem trivial, perhaps you aren't even aware of annoyance, but once you have tried the luxurious comfort, the mind-easy security of Venus, the difference will be amazing.

ARE YOU BUSY ON COMMITTEES—doing relief work, rushing from place to place every day? Then, Venus are practically a necessity. The single fact that they can be worn longer hours than the usual kinds can be endured, makes them important.

The secret is in their *REAL* cotton filling and softly knitted covering—America's finest quality napkin for 25 years.

VENUS JUNIOR

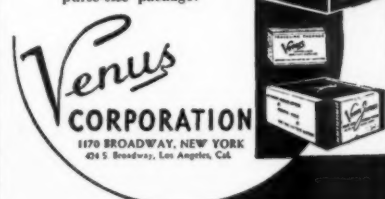
Designed particularly for college girls and active young women with trim figures. The quality is exactly the same as the regular size, which gives more ample protection than is often required. Venus Junior is a little lighter and exactly suited to the majority of young moderns.

VENUS REGULAR

(in the well-known blue box) at department stores and specialty shops.

VENUS TRAVEL PACKAGE

Contains three full-size, same quality napkins compressed into small, purse-size package.



WHAT'S ON THE AIR?

This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Programs are sponsored by Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company. The time indicated is Eastern Standard Time.

Please check the times by your local newspaper.

SUNDAYS, P. M.

- 12:15-12:30
NBC-Blue *I'm an American*—Produced in cooperation with the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. Distinguished naturalized Americans discuss the democratic way of life.
- 12:30-1:00
NBC-Red *Pageant of Art*—A dramatic survey of the fine arts through the ages. Produced in cooperation with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City: April 6, "Michelangelo and the Sistine Chapel"; April 13, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold"; April 20, "The Problem of the Individual and the Development of Conscience"; April 27, "Colbert and Louis XIV."
- 1:30-2:00
CBS *March of Games*—Children who like asking and answering questions are given opportunity on this program directed by Nila Mack.
- 1:30-2:00
NBC-Red *On Your Job*—Dramas of America's work and workers. This is a fine program for girls interested in vocational guidance. Apr. 6, "They Have Sweet Jobs" (candy factory); Apr. 13, "I Want to be a Writer"; Apr. 20, "Men Behind the Wing" (aircraft mechanics); Apr. 27, "The Marines Do the Telling" (army training camp).
- 2:00-2:15
NBC-Blue *American Pilgrimage*—Broadcasts from the homes of famous American authors, with readings from their work and human interest stories by Ted Malone: Apr. 6, Lew Wallace; Apr. 13, Henry Thoreau; Apr. 20, Ralph Waldo Emerson; Apr. 27, Washington Irving.
- 2:00-2:30
CBS *Free Company*—Dramatic programs to combat alien propaganda: Apr. 6, A radio drama on Freedom of Assembly by Orson Welles; Apr. 13, A radio drama on Racial Freedom by Paul Green; Apr. 20, A radio drama (*Title not yet announced*) by Stephen Vincent Benet; Apr. 27, A radio drama on Freedom of Speech by Archibald MacLeish.
- 2:30-3:00
CBS *The World of To-day*—Columbia correspondents in European capitals and in Washington review the news of the week.
- 3:00-4:00
NBC-Blue *Great Plays*—A series of master dramatic works, tracing the development of drama from Athens to Broadway: Apr. 6, "Servant in the House" (Kennedy); Apr. 13, "Beggar on Horseback" (Kaufman-Connelly); Apr. 20, "Trelawney of the Wells" (Pigero); Apr. 27, "Pride and Prejudice" (Austen-Jerome).
- 4:30-5:15
CBS *"The Pause that Refreshes on the Air"*—A musical program in which Andre Kostelanetz conducts an orchestra of 45 pieces. Albert Spalding, famed violinist, is permanent guest and music commentator. Each week other guests will also appear.
- 8:00-8:30
CBS *Helen Hayes Theatre*—A series of plays drawn from original stories, motion pictures, magazines, histories, and novels.
- 8:30-9:00
NBC-Red *One Man's Family*—Widely popular drama of family life, recently voted the best dramatic serial on the air. Teddy, the young girl in the family, is of Girl Scout age.
- 9:00-10:00
CBS *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*—Detroit Symphony with famous musical artists: Apr. 6, Helen Traubel, soprano; Apr. 13, Dorothy Maynor, soprano; Apr. 20, Nelson Eddy, baritone; Apr. 27, Rise Stevens, mezzo-soprano.
- 10:30-11:30
CBS *The Columbia Workshop*—Unusual radio dramas, using the latest sound effects and radio techniques.

MONDAYS, P. M.

- 5:00-5:15
NBC-Blue *Irene Wicker's Musical Stories*—"The Singing Lady" dramatizes a variety of stories, from traditional fairy tales to true childhood stories of great men and women. (Mondays through Fridays).

5:15-5:30
NBC-Blue

Bad Barton tells the story of a typical boy, about twelve years old, who lives an exciting and, for the most part, happy life in a little Middle West river town. (Mondays through Fridays).

8:30-9:00
NBC-Red

Voice of Firestone—Symphony Orchestra directed by Alfred Wallenstein, with Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks alternating as soloists.

10:00-10:15
NBC-Blue

Story Dramas by Olmsted—Dramatized versions of the world's greatest short stories, with Nelson Olmsted playing all the parts. (Also Tuesdays and Wednesdays).

TUESDAYS (No programs listed)

WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

7:30-8:00
NBC-Red

Cavalcade of America—A dramatic presentation of the mighty course of American life, through the stories of the men and women who have molded it.

8:00-8:30
NBC-Blue

Quiz Kids—Each week five boys and girls in Chicago are quizzed by a prominent educator. This program is gaining recognition as the "Information, Please" for young boys and girls.

THURSDAYS, P. M.

6:15-6:30
CBS

Outdoors with Bob Edge—A hunting and fishing expert recounts anecdotes and stories of out-of-door adventures, and furnishes useful information to sporting and nature enthusiasts.

10:30-11:00
NBC-Red

Musical Americana—Keyed to all musical tastes, *Musical Americana* hopes to win over those who look down on American popular music—and, at the same time, to inspire a keener appreciation of serious music in those who "can't understand it" or "just don't care for it."

FRIDAYS, P. M.

8:30-9:00
NBC-Red

Information, Please—Celebrities and intellectuals are put "on the spot" to answer questions sent in by listeners.

SATURDAYS, A. M.

11:30-12:00
NBC-Blue

Our Barn—Madge Tucker, known to children everywhere as "The Lady Next Door," presents a series of weekly shows from her famous "barn" with child actors she has trained.

SATURDAYS, P. M.

12:30-1:15
NBC-Blue

National Farm and Home Hour—Presented in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Offers the latest and best farm and home information available to farm families and in addition provides music and entertainment.

1:00-1:30
CBS

Let's Pretend—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.

5:00-5:30
NBC-Red

The World Is Yours—Produced in cooperation with the U. S. Office of Education and Smithsonian Institution. Apr. 5, Champlain in New England; Apr. 12, Smithsonian Field Expeditions; Apr. 19, Brazil—Land of Gems; Apr. 26, Birds of the Sea.

8:15-8:30
NBC-Blue

Man and the World—Produced in cooperation with the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry and the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Dramatizations of men of science and their achievements: Apr. 5, Medicine Bones; Apr. 12, The World of Agriculture; Apr. 19, The Story of Paper; Apr. 26, The World of Glass.

9:35-11:00
NBC-Blue

NBC Symphony Orchestra—Arturo Toscanini conducts the April concerts of the famed NBC Symphony.

CRUSADER for KINDNESS —HENRY BERGH—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

called, saw for herself the bruises and scars on Mary Ellen's emaciated body, but was unable to do anything about it. The inhuman guardians ordered the visitor out of their rooms and told her to keep her nose out of other people's affairs. The charity worker went to the police, but they said they could not interfere.

It was the attitude of the authorities that a child was the absolute property of its parents or guardians, and that they had full authority to punish, or to reward—or even to bully and flog—as they saw fit. Short of actual murder, the police would take no action. This condition the charity worker reported to Mr. Bergh, and asked for his advice and assistance.

The case was outside the ordinary activities of Mr. Bergh, but he considered all the details, and finally told the charity worker to have little Mary Ellen brought into court on a certain day and he would see what he could do. On the day appointed, the frail little form of the unhappy child was carried into court, wrapped in a horse-blanket, and Mr. Bergh, after stating the facts to the judge, made this unique plea:

"The child is an animal. If there is no justice for it as a human being, it shall at least have the rights of the cur in the street."

He reminded the judge that the State law prohibited cruelty to horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, "and other animals." He pointed out that man is an animal, that Mary Ellen was an animal, and that she had a right to be protected from cruelty.

He won the case. The brutal couple were punished and a home was found for Mary Ellen. The direct result of that incident was the organization of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

BUT while the world has become much better, so far as deliberate cruelty to animals is concerned, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a bigger and busier organization now than it ever was in the past. For nowadays, instead of merely abolishing brutality, it is preaching the gospel of kindness. No longer is it so necessary for the Society's agents to go about the streets on the lookout for men overloading and beating horses. The police take care of that. To-day the Society devotes most of its time and money to the education of owners of animals, teaching them how to treat animals properly, how to care for them when they are sick, and how to feed them and house them so that they will be healthy and happy.

The city long ago showed its confidence in the organization by turning over to it the dog license business. The Society collects the dog license fees and its agents enforce the law. In this way it has been able to do away with all the disagreeable conditions of the old-fashioned dog pounds. The agents now capture stray animals in a kind and careful manner, and the unfortunate ones for which no homes are found are done away with painlessly and swiftly. Yet while this cruelty prevention work must always go on, the more positive function of promoting kindness goes forward rapidly.

Not long ago the A.S.P.C.A. in New York,
(Continued on page 43)

Be sure to check the times by your newspaper. The programs as presented here were as accurate as the broadcasting companies and WHAT'S ON THE AIR? could make them, at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise in the studios sometimes necessitate eleven-hour changes in program listings.



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY. The excitement of graduating from high school finds Mickey Rooney as Andy so busy that he engages a secretary (Kathryn Grayson) to handle his business affairs. Miss Grayson's quiet charm and beautiful voice will captivate the audience and evidences of emotional growth in Andy will win him many new friends. (MGM)

LIFE OF CHRIST SERIES. A fine step in providing beautifully filmed Bible stories has been made in these films which run for twenty minutes each and are on 16 mm. film. They have been produced with special care for authentic scenes, costumes and family traditions of the era. *The Child of Bethlehem* is the story of Jesus' childhood and *A Certain Nobleman* tells the story of the father who sought out Jesus to save his son's life. The films can be purchased or rented. (Cathedral Films)

MEN OF BOYS TOWN. The building of honest citizens out of boys who have started wrong is again the constructive theme of these further adventures of Father Flanagan (Spencer Tracy) and Whitey (Mickey Rooney) in the incorporated community just outside Omaha, Nebraska, known as Boys Town. Mickey is mayor and enjoys the respect and affection of the whole group, but especially does Father Flanagan depend on this boy who had himself been rehabilitated in Boys Town, because of his fine influence on the other boys. Sent as an emissary to an orphanage, Whitey encounters the utmost cruelty in the treatment of boys and in endeavoring to rescue one desperate runaway both are jailed. General improvement in the management of institutions is brought about through Father Flanagan's efforts and the immediate problems of the boys are met. It is the exceptional acting of Tracy and Rooney which makes this a film to grow enthusiastic over. Mickey Rooney has outgrown precociousness and is in every sense the embodiment of an upstanding, lovable boy. (MGM)

NICE GIRL? Besides being the grandest entertainment ever, Deanna Durbin's pictures should be required-seeing for parents because they always present such a reassuring picture of American family life. Robert Benchley is Deanna's father in this film and he is superbly right in everything he does and says—the devoted American father who trusts his daughters and finds them trustworthy in turn. This is a rather solemn note to introduce into such an altogether bright and amusing film, but it's a part of one's whole-hearted enjoyment. The plot has to do with Deanna's weariness over being called the town's nicest girl when of course she'd just love to be considered dangerous. Ann Gillis, Deanna's high school sister, Anne Gwynne, as the budding actress sister, and Robert Stack, as the boy next door, are all delightful. (Univ.)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE. This might have been a slight film depending on its 1890 backgrounds for chief interest, had not the leading rôles been given to two such fine artists as James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. Rita Hayworth, too, gives a splendid performance as the cautious siren of her day, anxious to retain outward respectability, but showing in every line of her face her lifelong lack of principle. "Biff" Grimes (Cagney) was enamored of her but, always forced to take second best, he marries her friend (Olivia de Havilland) instead. How he comes to appreciate his good fortune is told in a flash-back of their lives together—with each scene giving full measure of comedy, as well as subtly delineating the growth of understanding between the two. (Warner)

Good

BAD MAN, THE. Anyone who has seen this as a stage play knows that Wallace Beery, as the bandit Lopez, and Lionel Barrymore, as querulous Uncle Henry, were made for their rôles. The clever situations and lines never grow stale, and

with Laraine Day's beauty to bolster the part of Lucia Pell, this is solid entertainment. (MGM)

BUCK PRIVATES. Two zany rookies (Bud Abbott, Lou Costello) in a selective service camp provide enough absurdities to give us a lot of laughs mixed with skillfully executed war games. The Andrews Sisters are featured singers. (Univ.)

GREAT MEDDLER, THE. The dramatic beginnings of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are sketched in this interesting Carey Wilson Miniature of Henry Bergh, founder of the A.S.P.C.A. After preliminary success, Bergh's efforts on behalf of animals were being discredited through the influence of transit officials whom he had arrested for allowing horse-drawn street cars to be over-loaded. About this time he came upon a woman beating her half-starved child and found that only by designating the child as an animal could he take legal action against the woman. This led to the founding of a twin Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and re-established the public's confidence in Bergh's humane motives. (MGM)

GREAT MR. NOBODY, THE. The perennial worm (Eddie Albert) makes a determined effort to turn, but fate keeps him underfoot even to the end of the picture. As it is played for comedy, you don't have to feel really sorry for anybody and you'll be amused. (Warner)

MELODY FOR THREE. Schuyler Standish, as a young violinist whose parents tried to solve their difficulties by a hasty divorce, wins the support of Dr. Christian (Jean Hersholt) who brings about a happy reconciliation. The engaging acting and fine musicianship of the lad, plus amusing scenes of young musicians, help make this enjoyable. (RKO)

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR. When a film formula becomes too familiar, one way to revive it is to do a burlesque of the type. This trick succeeds hilariously when Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour give their all to caricaturing their own earlier films. Everything about the picture is delightfully bogus and Bing and Bob have never been funnier. (Para.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

LIFE OF CHRIST SERIES

MEN OF BOYS TOWN (long and possibly mature for those under ten)

NICE GIRL?

Good

ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

BUCK PRIVATES

GREAT MR. NOBODY, THE

MELODY FOR THREE

Good Westerns for Both Age Groups

IN OLD COLORADO. This Hopalong Cassidy picture has all the color and movement necessary for a rousing story. William Boyd as Hoppy, a ranch foreman out to buy cattle, loses the money so sorely needed by the sellers, who face eviction. Margaret Hayes, as the girl whose faith in Hoppy's innocence inspires his best efforts is beautiful, and just right. (Para.)

PRAIRIE PIONEERS. Splendidly acted by the Three Mesquiteres, with beautiful scenic backgrounds, this picture presents both sides of the conflict which arose when Americans tried to settle on land formerly held by Mexico. (Rep.)

ROLLING HOME TO TEXAS. Tex Ritter and the Rhythm Rangers in a mild but pleasant Western that even the youngest fans can enjoy. The songs are good, the humor wholesome, and the scenery lovely. (Mono.)

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

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GOOD TIMES *with* BOOKS

By MARJORIE CINTA



"April, April,
"Laugh thy girlish
laughter;
"Then, the moment after,
"Weep thy girlish tears!"

TO THE POETS, first-month-of-spring, changeable April, is a young girl of uncertain moods. With this idea, that "Youth is an overrated season with a lot of Aprilly weather," Margaret Thomsen Raymond calls her story of high school days, *Aprilly Weather* (Dodd Mead, \$2.00). Miss Raymond, whose amusing *Plus the Infantry* many of us read with relish when it first appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, writes with such keen insight that you will feel she is actually sharing your school days and writing about you, yourself, and your very own friends. From the first warm September day when Sharon Cole with fast-beating heart enters the freshman class at Hampton High, through the excitement of class elections, the work and fun of class dances, and the bugbear of geometry examinations, to the last page whereon Sharon finally comes to understand the sarcastic teacher, Miss Boyle, you will keep pinching yourself to make sure you haven't slipped between the covers of *Aprilly Weather*, as you see yourself in Sharon Cole who is "as good and as bad as I."

Another book with all the charm and gaiety of spring is *Flight of Fancy* (Oxford, \$1.25) by Elizabeth Honness, managing editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, with delightful red and black drawings by Pelagie Doane, illustrator of the Lucy Ellen stories. This is an amusing tale for younger readers—about a handsome, white, merry-go-round horse with red polka dots, appropriately named "Fancy," who, although the favorite of Papa Beppo, the owner of the carousel, just cannot keep time to its music. This is bad for business for no one will ride on Fancy until Peter Patrick comes to the fair and succumbs to Fancy's charms. But alas, something goes wrong with the merry-go-round, the rod that holds Fancy fast breaks, and Fancy takes flight with Peter Patrick astride him. Whereupon Peter takes Fancy home to his ballet-dancer mother and his orchestra-leader father who eventually succeed in teaching him a sense of rhythm so he may return in triumph to Papa Beppo and the merry-go-round.

Many Ports of Call (Longmans, \$3.00) by Violet Sweet Haven, illustrated with beautiful photographs, will have appeal for those who dream of making their mark in the world some day, as well as those who dream of journeying to distant lands. It is an autobiography, the true story of the way in which a self-reliant Idaho farm girl, with nothing but courage and energy plus a driving ambition to see what may lie beyond the horizon, made

her dreams come true by the force of her own indomitable spirit. You will be fired by the inspiration of Violet Haven's example while you are thrilled by her stories of adventure in far-off countries. She taught school in Hawaii, worked on a newspaper in Japan where she interviewed the Lindberghs, traveled around the world by slow steamer, crossed the Pacific on the China Clipper, was one of thirty journalists on the preview press flight of the Atlantic Clipper from New York to Paris, in 1939, where she interviewed the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. With the skill of a trained journalist, Miss Haven shares with you her thrilling experiences, and the chapters on the clipper flights are fascinating.



Fancy, with Peter Patrick astride him—an illustration by Pelagie Doane from *THE FLIGHT OF FANCY* by Elizabeth Honness (Oxford)

Another story with an authentic aviation background is *Wings for Carol* (Greystone Press, \$2.00). The author, Patricia O'Malley, who has taken an active part in the development of American Airlines since the beginning of the company, writes from first-hand knowledge. This book will interest not only flying enthusiasts and girls thinking of flying as a career, but also anyone who enjoys an entertaining, fast-moving story of modern young men and women. You will share the interest of Carol Rogers and her best friend, Foster Allen, when, after their graduation from St. Agatha's Hospital, you are permitted to see through their eyes just what takes place in a training school for stewardesses of a great airline. Carol is much attracted to good-looking Grant Lowrie, but has a rival for his attentions in a jealous sister hostess, Iris Wakefield. When Foster, who was at first afraid to fly, and Carol, who takes to it like a duck to water, finally get their wings, adventure begins. Carol has a practice flight to Texas and attends a barbecue; is scheduled to a regular run on the night flight between New York and Chicago; accompanies the mother of a famous movie star to Hollywood; tours the country with a flying fashion show; celebrates New Year's Eve on a new stratosliner which is dramatically called upon to rescue the passengers of a smashed plane; and flies with Red Cross aid to a city stricken by flood. "Wings," she thinks happily, sure of her own place in aviation and of the love of her handsome aviator, "wings of peace, of mercy, of trade. Wings that are opening up a whole new way of living in the world."


Can you imagine what it would be like if you had lived all your life as a lonely, motherless girl accompanying your father from place to place in his work for a sugar company, to return at last to the family plantation where your grandparents and uncles and aunts live, and, best of all, where there are eleven cousins to hunt and fish and sail with and to race with on your pony? This is the good fortune that befalls Denece Burke in *Cousins' Luck*


(Macmillan, \$2.00) by Rose B. Knox. Back in the seventies, when this story takes place, on Petite Anse Island in the lovely Louisiana Bayou Country, the Burke plantation, housing more than a hundred people including family, colored servants, and field hands, was a self-contained world of its own with cane fields, sugar mill, and salt mines. Here these jolly cousins and their equally jolly elders have many gay times, culminating in the ceremonies attendant on harvesting and grinding of the cane which is accurately described in an entertaining fashion. The children of Petite Anse print their own newspaper, also, and the excerpts given in the book are from an actual newspaper published in the seventies by a group of real children at Petite Anse Island. Miss Knox knows the Louisiana Bayou country well and gives a delightful picture of life on a Southern plantation.


We first meet Theodosia Burr—in Anne Colver's *Theodosia, Daughter of Aaron Burr* (Farrar, \$2.00), illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell—when she is a baby in her parents' home on Maiden Lane, New York, at the time of Washington's inauguration. The story continues with happy years at Richmond Hill where she and her adopted sister, Natalie de L'age, although only in their early teens, act as hostesses, even entertaining President Washington at dinner; the exciting time of Theodosia's wedding and her great popularity in Washington as the daughter of the Vice-President; gay days as a young married woman in Charleston; the tragic period after the duel between Hamilton and Burr, with the added sorrow of the death of Theodosia's little son; and her last voyage to New York to visit her father on his return from exile abroad. This is the story of a real girl who knew greater triumph and disaster than most heroines of fiction. Miss Colver's sure and sensitive touch brings this girl, who lived over a hundred years ago, vividly to life and especially so in the development of the relationship between the devoted daughter and her proud, brilliant, but ill-fated father.



An illustration by Manning De V. Lee from *COUSINS' LUCK* by Rose B. Knox (Macmillan)

 Another in the series of Dodd Mead "Career Books" is *Frills and Thrills* (\$2.00), by Louise Barnes Gallagher. Although the heroine of this book, Mary Bray, was not one of the wealthiest students at Burgess Hall, she was one of the best dressed because she so skillfully designed and made her own clothes. When she was suddenly forced to leave school to earn her own living, her flair for clothes seemed her outstanding talent. After many vicissitudes, she was hired by a wholesale dress house as a model. Her eager interest in every phase of the business attracted favorable attention. Night classes in sketching and sculpture followed, and finally a chance at designing. Although Mary kept her nose to the grindstone, there was time, also, for friends and parties and good times with beaux. Through the illness of her superior, she was forced to carry on alone in wartime Paris and made a great success of her first selections from the famous couturières, Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Alix, etc. Mary's career gives us an intimate picture of the workings of the fashion industry and parallels that of the author, who is a leading fashion designer. Mrs. Gallagher has generously donated the royalties from the sale of *Frills and Thrills* to the Juliette Low Memorial Fund of the Girl Scouts for British Girl Guide relief.

 Two books that will make you proud of the pennies you contributed to the *Children's Crusade for Children* and the *Juliette Low Fund* (administered at present for the benefit of Girl Guides in war-torn countries) are *My Sister and I*, by Dirk van der Heide (Harcourt Brace \$1.00), and *Three from Greenways*, by Alice Dalgliesh (Scribners \$1.00). The first is a diary in which a Dutch boy tells of his experiences in Holland during the five terrible days of the Nazi blitzkrieg, of his escape with his sister to England, and their safe arrival in America. Dirk was twelve and his sister, Keetje, nine, and they were happy, last spring, with their parents in their comfortable home near Rotterdam. Just as American boys do, Dirk rode his bicycle to school, put off writing his compositions, and admired the prettiest girl in his class. His mother did not like to listen to his Uncle Peter, when he warned them of the German invasion. But Uncle Peter was right; the Nazis did come. Dirk's simple, straightforward account of the dreadful days that followed—and the courage and spirit with which these two children bore them—is inexpressibly moving.

 Although *Three from Greenways* is not about real children, this story of the Martins—Joan, Timothy and John—is none the less appealing. The Martins believed that their English home, "Greenways," was "the nicest house in the world." You can imagine how they hated to leave it when the war came and they had to be sent to safety in America. It was hardest of all to leave their mother and dad, and their beloved dog, Ruffy, and sail away alone to a strange country where everything would be different. Joan was glad that the stars, at least, would be "quite the same" in far-off America. On shipboard, the children adopted as their "Uncle Bill" an American named Stone who reminded Joan of her father. Great was the rejoicing when Uncle Bill and his wife claimed the Martins at the Children's Home in New York. Off they went to their new home in Connecticut, where they met the young Stones, Gail and Pebble, and soon became fast friends. You will be happy to know that the profits of this book will go to refugee children.

How two girls found adventure



SERAPHINA TODD

By Margaret Ann Hubbard

A young spirited English girl wins the admiration and love of the Spaniards in Texas in 1777, by her friendliness and her courage. Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee.

(Ages 10-14)

\$2.00

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By M. Josephine Smith

The ambition for a journalistic career involves Melissa Deering in thrilling episodes in modern Portugal. Illustrated by Agnes Lehman.

(Ages 10-14)

\$2.00

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The FLIGHT of FANCY

By ELIZABETH HONNESS
Pictures by PELAGIE DOANE

Fancy was a merry-go-round horse whose sense of rhythm was poor. How Peter Patrick rescued him from disgrace is a gay, amusing tale. There are many colorful pictures of Fancy in the various stages of his musical education. . . . \$1.25

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MORE PENNIES

More and more pennies are needed to carry on the work of international friendship in war-torn countries and to aid Girl Scout and Girl Guide refugees in other lands. Send your contribution NOW to the Juliette Low Memorial Fund, care of Girl Scouts, Inc., 14 West 49th Street, New York City, New York.

Excerpts from a Letter from Madame Malkowska, Founder of the Polish Girl Guides, Now a Refugee in England

"I have just received the sum of one hundred and twenty-four pounds, fifteen shillings and four pence which was sent to me from America by the Girl Scout Headquarters. The money has been very welcome and please accept our warmest thanks for it.

"My school is in Scotland since the beginning of November, where a friend gave us a home for a very low rent. It is a lovely old country house with thirty rooms, central heating, and all conveniences and lovely grounds around.

"I have twenty children in the school and three babies, with mothers who help with the household duties. The house is also a 'Home' for some of our Rovers as well as for the Rangers who managed to get to Scotland.

"Over thirty of our boys were here for Christmas. We had our Christmas Eve supper according to tradition, with hay spread under the table cloth (in memory of the Manger) and with Polish wafers which we shared all, like in Poland. The boys were so happy and so were the children who got a lovely Christmas tree and many lovely presents. . . .

"The money you sent us will be used partly for school equipment and partly for covering the expenses of keeping some of our orphan children in the school. If we get anything left over, we will use it for our Guide and Scout work in Scotland.

"With best Guide greetings, Olga Malkowska"



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SUCCESS STORIES

FROM THE NATIONAL JUNIOR SEWING CLUB



I swallowed hard, to keep back the tears! Sounds silly, but every time I see my favorite movie star . . . she's just my age . . . her perfectly lovely clothes make me feel like an old-stick-in-the-mud!



"Silly!" said my friend, Mary. "If that's all that's bothering you, join the National Junior Sewing Club, just as I did! There's no charge for lessons, and they help you make the most thrilling clothes, yourself! All kinds . . . for school and parties and sports and . . ."



I couldn't wait! Next day, I enrolled and went to my first club meeting at the Singer Sewing Center. The teacher was so sweet and patient! I caught on in no time! And while I was learning, I made the prettiest dress I've ever had!



MEMBERSHIP PIN—presented to full-fledged members of the National Junior Sewing Club.

DIPLOMA—presented to all girls making a dress and taking part in the Club's Fashion Show.

CLOTHING BADGE—The lessons and instructions received at the National Junior Sewing Club will help you win your Girl Scout Clothing Badge.



And here's a secret! That dress cost me only \$2.49! Imagine! And it looks like ten times that much! I'm so proud of it I just wish I could meet my favorite movie star! No wonder I'm making l-o-a-d-s of other lovely clothes. And so can you . . . easy as pie!

NO MEMBERSHIP FEE!

Any girl, between the ages of 12 and 16, can join the National Junior Sewing Club. Sewing meetings are held after school or on Saturdays, at your Singer Sewing Center. You can join alone, or with a group of your Scout friends. Call at your Singer Shop for full information.

The National Junior Sewing Club is an Educational Program sponsored by

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CRUSADER for KINDNESS—HENRY BERGH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

realizing that this was becoming a more and more important part of its work, established a Humane Education Department and engaged an educator from Columbia University, Warren W. McSpadden, to take charge. Under his direction courses of study in the care of animals have been given in schools, social clubs, for Scouting groups, and wherever the Society's instructors can get an audience.

"Mistreatment of animals," says Mr. McSpadden, "we believe arises out of a lack of understanding of what constitutes good care, rather than from indifference or disposition to be cruel. In order to care for an animal properly it is necessary to understand its ways and needs.

"It becomes our problem to help the public understand better the habits and life functions of their pets and animals in general. With children in the schools we do this by providing learning experiences with their pets. Examples of these are giving a bath to a child's pet dog, making plans for a rabbit pen of proper dimensions, finding out the special needs of a mother cat with kittens, or lifting an animal so as not to hurt it."

It sounds very simple, but is it?

In one year more than sixty thousand children in a thousand class rooms in New York were taught how to wash their dogs properly—and if you think that sounds silly and that everybody knows how to wash a dog, here is a list of the articles that are taken to the schoolroom for this particular lesson:

A washtub, pail to carry water, large sponge, brush, bar of soap, two towels, two half-size woolen blankets, rubber apron, roll of cotton (to plug the dog's ears and keep out dirty water), vaseline (a thin coating is put on the dog's eyelids to keep soapy water from smarting the eyes), bundle of newspapers to spread out to take up any water that may be splashed around.

For the Madison Square Boys Club, Mr. McSpadden's department recently gave a course in care and training of dogs that covered everything canine from dentistry to dog manners. Yes, dentistry. It is just as important for a dog to have the tartar removed from his teeth occasionally, as it is for human beings to go to their dentists every six months for this purpose, and the A.S.P.C.A. courses show how boys and girls can perform this service for their own pets. They show also how to train a dog in good behavior—not barking unnecessarily, keeping off the furniture, not jumping up and pawing visitors, and avoiding other annoying actions.

A much older branch of the New York Society's work is that of its hospital. Nearly twenty-five thousand sick or injured animals were brought to the clinic for treatment last year. In addition, nearly sixty thousand days of hospital service were given. There is no creature so near death, or so obnoxious to the average person, that it is turned away. A very unhappy python owes its life to the ministrations of the staff, a kangaroo rat was brought back from the final stages of illness, and there was, last summer, that almost unbelievable story of the dog from the Pacific Coast.

A fox terrier, playing about the railroad yard in Republic, Washington, for some reason known only to itself jumped into a car that was being loaded with lumber for New York. Nobody noticed that it did not come out again, and the loading was finished, the car sealed, and off it went to New York with

Trixie inside, and no food or water. Larry Windsor, the owner of the dog, hunted for her several days; then his older brother remembered seeing her in the vicinity of the car when it was being loaded. Larry asked the lumber company to have someone watch out for the dog when the car arrived in the East.

It takes a freight train a long time to cross the continent. The planes make the trip in a day, passenger trains in four days, and the people who travel in those conveyances are well supplied with meals and drink. Trixie's freight train was sixteen days en route from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast. It is unheard of for any animal to exist that length of time without sustenance. There are, of course, such phenomena as hibernation, and the suspended animation of lower forms of animal life, but those are different matters.

At last the lumber car was unloaded. An inspector, as the last boards were removed, saw something in a dark corner, and there he found Trixie. At first the dog appeared to be dead, but Trixie was able to make just the least little motion to indicate that she was still alive, though barely so. She didn't even have the strength to whine. A telephone call was made to the A.S.P.C.A. hospital, and Trixie was taken there in the ambulance.

The problem of restoring life to a creature that seems beyond hope has seldom been more tenderly and scientifically solved. To give the dog food or drink through her mouth would probably have killed her—that is supposing she had been able to swallow, which is doubtful. There was almost no moisture left in the tissues, no digestive juices, barely a trickle of blood in her veins. Into this trickle salt water was injected. Slowly and gradually the quantity was increased, and then glucose added to the injections. Trixie's recovery was much more rapid than anyone expected, and it was facilitated by the arrival of a piece of Larry's clothing which he sent by mail to comfort his pet and encourage her to get well.

As soon as Trixie was able to leave the hospital, the lumber company sent Larry East by plane; there was a joyful reunion of boy and dog and, all at the expense of the company, they were sent home to Republic.

THE A.S.P.C.A. hospital is equipped as completely for its purpose as any hospital for human patients. It has four veterinarians, under the direction of Dr. Raymond J. Garbutt, once described as the world's busiest dog doctor. One day, while I waited to see him, nineteen dogs and three cats passed through the anteroom, into the clinic, and out again, treated free of charge for a great variety of ailments. Dog patients usually outnumber cats nearly ten to one, because cats seem to be more efficient in taking care of themselves, and there are about three hundred thousand dogs in New York City.

For animals that are more seriously ill, there are one hundred and twenty-five hospital cages. There is an operating room, with all the modern appliances, X-ray apparatus, fluoroscope for locating indigestible objects that animals have swallowed, and anesthetic equipment for use in major operations. There is an ultra-violet ray machine to treat skin diseases and kindred maladies. From common distemper to cancer, there is no sickness that this hospital is not prepared to treat, and none in such an advanced stage that Dr. Garbutt and his staff will not try to cure it. For those who cannot afford to pay there is no charge,

but, as Dr. Garbutt points out to those who make use of the service, any contributions that are made will enable the organization to extend its benefits to a constantly increasing clientele.

In New York City alone there are twenty-five animal hospitals, principally for the care of dogs, cats, canaries, and other house pets. Most of them are private institutions and have on their staffs specialists in the more complicated animal diseases. But no matter how poor you may be, the A.S.P.C.A. hospital is ready and willing to give your pet as good care as the bluest-blooded prize-winners get anywhere.

While this great organization has been growing up from the vigorous start it was given by Henry Bergh, it has also been the inspiration for the formation of similar groups throughout the United States. Following the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the American Humane Association was founded. It is national in scope, and works with local bodies of all kinds which try to improve, not only conditions of animals but of children, the poor, and all others who are in need of help and sympathy. Every A.S.P.C.A. is separate from all the others, some working only in single cities, others in entire States, but the Humane Society has its branches and agents from coast to coast.

One of these agents is in Hollywood. He is Richard C. Craven, and his special duty is to watch the treatment of animals by motion picture producers. Not long ago he won a battle which he had fought almost single-handed, to compel the movie makers to stop using an especially cruel device to trip horses. There aren't so many cowboy pictures as there used to be, but almost everyone has seen, at some time or another, a film in which a man would be riding along at full speed, and suddenly, to increase the excitement, the horse would fall.

This was done by means of a system of wires known as the "Running-W." Wires were fastened to the front feet of the horse, looped up each foreleg in such a way as not to interfere with the horse's movements, and through the saddle girth. The two wires were joined and slipped over another wire lying on the ground on the side of the horse away from the camera. These wires were so strong, but so fine that they would not show in the photograph. The farther wire, or trolley, was fastened securely to a post at the point where the fall was wanted, and when the horse reached this spot the wires were drawn tight and his front legs literally jerked out from under him. Many horses were permanently disabled and had to be killed, before the makers of movies agreed, last autumn, to stop using the "Running-W." In all justice it must be added that some companies never permitted their directors to employ such methods, and the movies' greatest horseman, William S. Hart, has always condemned them.

Another subject that has interested the Humane Society is painless trapping. Until recently, trappers were not interested in how they captured an animal, so long as the capture was made. The old-style jaw traps are horribly ferocious. They have heavy springs and sharp teeth, and when they snap shut on an animal up to the size of a fox, or even a coyote, they usually break the leg bone and tear painful gashes in the flesh. Frequently,

(Continued on page 45)



A penny for your thoughts



FOR, ABOUT, AND BY

SILVER CREEK, NEW YORK: My, we do have a swell magazine! The first thing that caught my eye was the title, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It is so appropriate because it is for American girls, about American girls, and published by the American Girl Scouts. I am a First Class Scout in Troop Eighteen. Our magazine has helped me earn many badges.

One thing I like about *THE AMERICAN GIRL* (besides its good stories, articles, and poems) is the attractive covers. If I had my way I'd cut every one out and hang them around my room so I could look at them all the time, but of course that would spoil each copy and I wouldn't like that.

What's On the Screen?—that's the article I like best. You see, my father owns a motion picture theater and I find that all the accounts of the coming movies are very accurate.

Joan Geitner

USEFUL WORK

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA: I have just received my *AMERICAN GIRL* for this month, and have just read the letter from the girl in Finland. After reading that letter I did so want to write to you and tell you that I, too, think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the best magazine that I have ever read. For in this magazine one does not read about older people, but about girls one's own age.

I live in Laguna Beach, California, which is a small town. I go to Laguna High, which has about four hundred students in it. I have been a Girl Scout for the last five years and hope to be one for many more years. I belong to a senior troop, which is made up of girls who are fifteen years of age.

Patricia Hoover

FREEDOM

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since January, 1940. I am the only child in the family. The characters, Midge and Dilsey and the others, are just like sisters to me.

The letter from Anne Erkola from Finland is a very touching letter. I'm sure we are all thankful that we can sit in a room without the windows being covered with thick, black paper, and that we can buy as much food as we please. The reason I think her letter touching is because we, in this country, are proud and we honor our freedom, too. Our boys will do anything to keep our freedom, no matter what the cost. Just last Thanksgiving, a teacher of Edison Jr. High asked his pupils what they were thankful for the most. Two things that these pupils were thankful

for most was that they had their parents and for the freedom of "Old Glory" to fly over our country.

That's all about freedom for now. But I would like to say something else. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* comes and you can't get me away until I read it from cover to cover—because when my mother gets it (when she gets through with work) she does the same thing.

Dorothy Keiser

THREE TIMES ACROSS THE SEA

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK: Hurrah for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, a grand magazine for all girls! I have enjoyed it for one year—and I mean "enjoyed." I have been a Girl Scout for two-and-a-half years and I love it.

My age is twelve and I am in the eighth grade. I have three brothers and one small sister whom I adore. Although I am American born, I am of Swiss descent, and I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean three times. My hobbies are sewing, playing the piano, ice skating, and horseback riding.

Sylvia Hurseler

HAPPY HOURS

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I have been receiving *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for nearly two years now and I think it is a wonderful magazine. In the February issue I saw the photograph of War-Marshall Mannerheim, and I was interested and pleased to see his picture in my favorite magazine. But perhaps I'd better explain first. Both my parents were born in Finland and I have been very interested in Finnish affairs, as it is quite natural for me to be. So, to see the picture of that great man who did so much for his native country in the time of war, was a pleasant sight to me.

I have saved all my copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and often I read some of the back numbers. This is my first letter to you and I don't know exactly how to express my appreciation for being able to spend so many happy hours reading such an enjoyable publication. The stories are very interesting, and I especially enjoy our serial stories. *Winter Cottage* was just grand and I took great delight in *Sing for Your Supper*. I am sure that the new serial, *The Desert Calling*, will be just as thrilling and that I will enjoy every installment of it.

Inga Pietila

BIRD REFUGE

SALEM, OREGON: I am thirteen years old and I am in the eighth grade. I love to read, sew, play the piano, cook, and write stories. In the summer we live on our farm which is at

Gaston, Oregon. Dad has made it into a refuge for birds, and there are birds, from ducks to humming birds, by the millions.

The stories I like best will never be known for I like every one so much that it is impossible to say which is my favorite. I enjoy *The American Painters Series* very much and I hope we never stop having them.

Patricia Brown

"MY LITTLE GIRL"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I like *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much. I have six magazines. I wish I'd get my March subscription to read some more of *The Desert Calling*.

I have gotten *Child Life* for two years. Last year I gave them all to the Ravenswood hospital for the sick children to read. But I'm going to keep all of *THE AMERICAN GIRLS* for my little girl. I am only nine years old so I cannot be a Girl Scout for one year. But I go to the Y.W.C.A. and I'm going to camp with them for one week this summer. I'm looking forward to being a Girl Scout.

Doris J. Watt

A LITTLE SNOW, PLEASE!

SANTA MARIA, CALIFORNIA: After having taken you for four years, I finally got around to writing to you. I wish to tell you what a perfectly grand magazine you put out. Let's have more articles like *Picnic in Tunis* and *Washington's Happiest Birthday*. They were really keen and I've read them over and over.

I live in California, the land of perpetual sunshine, and I do wish we had snow. All the kids at our school would give most anything to be able to have some snow. You don't know how I envy you kids back East.

I am thirteen years old and am in the low ninth grade. My favorite amusements are reading, riding horseback, swimming, hiking, and writing.

Margie Hanson

ORGANIZING A NEW TROOP

NORTH WEBSTER, INDIANA: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a couple of months now, and I think it is swell. My favorite characters are Bushy and Lofty. I like the stories about the king's flutes, such as "My Lady Green-Sleeves," "God Save the King," and "All Bells in Paradise." I also like the articles like the one about the Grand Canyon and *Adventure in Tickle's Cove*.

I'm ten years old and am in the fifth grade. I'm not a Girl Scout. There isn't a Girl Scout troop here, although my mother is thinking of organizing one.

Rose Mary McMahan

CRUSADER for KINDNESS—HENRY BERGH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

of course, these traps were set in the deep woods and not visited for a week at a time, and often the trapper would find that his prisoner had died in an agony of pain, hunger, and terror.

Trapping may seem a cruel occupation in its very nature, but after all there is no great distinction between killing an animal for its fur to keep you warm and in killing another for its meat to make you strong. And besides, there are some marauding animals that have to be trapped to protect domestic animals and fowls. The fox, wolf, coyote, skunk, weasel, and many other prowlers, are the enemies of the farmer and the gardener, and through the activities of the Humane Society traps have been designed which will catch the culprit without hurting him. He can then be disposed of painlessly.

One of these devices, invented by David A. Epp of Henderson, Nebraska, won the first prize in a Humane Society competition held last summer. When the trap is sprung, loops of flat chains close tightly around the object that touched the spring, so firmly that no tugging will loosen it, and yet so gently that it would hardly break an eggshell. It is similar in principle to the Verbal trap; I saw Mr. McSpadden spring one of these with his finger, and there wasn't even a red mark where the chain gripped his skin.

This brings us back to the New York

offices of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals from which Mr. McSpadden directs his operations in humane education. From time to time one is likely to meet people who declare that too much time and thought and money are spent on animals and their care. In one of Mr. McSpadden's reports there is this statement: "The refining of character and development of civic responsibility reflect themselves in the continual improvement of the treatment of our animals."

In shorter words, if you are kind to your dog you are very likely to be kind to the boys and girls you know. And if you are kind to your friends when you are young, you will be kind to men and women when you grow up. Kindness will make you a good citizen—and the world needs good citizens to-day as never before.

Such is the gospel that is being spread in this country because Henry Bergh made a Russian peasant stop beating a horse in St. Petersburg, one day in 1862. It might have been started in some other way, but that is the way it actually did start. And that is why kind-hearted men and women everywhere pay honor to Mr. Bergh and the organization he founded, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That is why a movement has been recently started for national recognition of his work—by including him among the notable Americans in the series of postage stamps being issued to memorialize remarkable achievements.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

would it do to leave the gas on, anyway?"

"The aluminium might melt, or the dish towels catch on fire."

"Absurd!"

They argued the matter in the lowest of whispers during the anthem. Adele made it clear she had no intention of interrupting the Easter service to check up on her culinary activity.

The congregation arose again and sang, "The strife is o'er, the battle won," but for Midge the strife had just begun. Should she go home, or shouldn't she?

No, she wouldn't budge. It was Adele's business.

But it seemed wicked to sit there comfortably—well, more or less comfortably—while the little house for which her parents had sacrificed so much went up in smoke. In the stillness that followed the hymn, she heard the faint wail of a fire siren. Louder it grew. Louder. Its shriek filled the church. Dr. Radcliffe waited for it to die away.

Midge squeezed Adele's arm, but her sister shook her off. One of them *must* go, Midge decided. She tugged at her skirt; the fat man didn't budge. At last she extricated herself and, hunching her shoulders in an effort to make herself less visible, hurried up the aisle.

Out in the street, despite the dignity of the day and regardless of her fifteen years, she took to her heels. With the engines already there, what could she do? Well, at least, she might save the old family tea set.

On and on she ran, until she turned the corner of her home block and could see the house, its new paint gleaming, in peace and quiet. Offering a little prayer of thanks, she pounded breathlessly up the porch steps.

But before her shaking fingers could extract the key, the door opened and Puddin' Quinn faced her. He was pale and plump and soft like vanilla blanc-mange. Contrary to his looks, he was honor man at a Boston technical school, but he went by the reflection in his mirror and neither his scholarship nor his marks served to bolster his self-esteem.

"Why, Pud, where did you come from?"

"Hello, Midge! I was just writing a note. You might think it funny my barging in here."

Panting, she nevertheless noticed an acrid odor. "Not a fire, Pud?"

"No, nothing to get excited about. But as I went to get my car, I saw smoke coming out the kitchen window."

"The soup?"

He nodded. "I'd seen you leave. I knew there wasn't anyone home, so I took the liberty of climbing in the window."

"Pud, you're a hero. You've saved the house from burning to ashes."

He shook his head. "Saved the pan—that's about all. But the soup's burned."

"So long as the house is intact, I guess Adele and I can get along without any dinner," Midge told him, smiling bravely.

"How do you mean—get along without any dinner?" Puddin' was homely and deliberate, but Midge felt sympathy in his pale blue eyes.

"Well, to tell the truth, it's like this—can you sit down a minute?"

"Sure. Go on."

Adele breathed an inaudible sigh of relief when Midge hurried out. She wasn't nervous about the gas, but it was just as well to have it looked into, and she couldn't afford to



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leave Earl. The other occupants of the pew also sighed with relief and adjusted themselves more comfortably.

"What happened to your sister?" Earl asked as they walked home.

"Poor child, the smell of the lilies made her faint," she said.

"*Symbols, they, of majesty sublime, 'Bringing glorious news of Eastertime,'*" he quoted.

"Earl, I'm not driving up to college tomorrow in that Packard, after all. It's so tiresome—a long trip like that."

"Didn't I tell you so? What train are you taking?"

"The ten-three, probably."

"Good. I'll look you up. Can you have lunch in the diner with me?"

"If you're sure you still want me."

They made detailed plans and Adele smiled contentedly as they turned the corner of her own block. Silly Midge! Always getting excited about nothing.

From way down the street she recognized Puddin's car at the curb—who wouldn't? He had bought it over a year ago from a lot where it had hibernated for two winters. Because of his mechanical skill, it had cost him very little more than the fifteen dollars he originally paid for it, but like its owner it was better than it looked.

"Get an eyeful of that piece of junk," laughed Earl. "*I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine*—but not old jalopies! Isn't it the worst *'rag and bone and bank of hair'* you ever saw? Do you suppose it actually goes?"

"Don't ask me," protested Adele.

Earl would have come into the house with her, but she remembered the odor of onions

and bade him farewell at the path. "Until to-morrow! I mustn't hold up dinner—especially Easter dinner."

"*'To say good-by is such sweet sorrow,'*" he had begun to misquote sentimentally when Midge flung open the door. "Del, the soup's burned—we have no dinner!—but Pud saved the day."

At the same moment Puddin' Quinn came out of his house with a battered suitcase which he set down awkwardly to tip his hat. "Hi, Del! Been hanging around to see you," he said. He untied the rope holding down the lid of the rumble of his jalopy and dropped in the luggage.

"Pud's a hero," praised Midge, joining Del on the sidewalk. Earl had lingered, too, a puzzled frown wrinkling his smooth forehead. She went on, "You did leave the soup boiling, Adele, and Mother's best aluminium pan would have been ruined if Pud hadn't seen the smoke coming out of the window and dashed in just in time. He says he will give you a hitch to-morrow. Isn't that simply swell?"

Pud joined them, dusting his hands uneasily. Adele introduced him to Earl and he extended one of his hands as if Earl really wanted to meet him.

"Tell Del what you told me," prompted Midge.

"Why, just that of course I'd be glad to have your company, Del. I didn't ask you because the bus isn't the last word in comfort."

Earl let out a snicker.

"But I assured him, Del, that you didn't mind that," insisted Midge.

"No, of course not. But, Pud, you said you were going to Staten Island for over-night—and I wouldn't *dream* of putting you

out," Adele replied, with a savage side glance at Midge.

"No trouble at all. Just as easy to come by way of Flatbush as not," he told her.

"But why—why would she prefer that open car to a comfortable train?" demanded Earl, making no effort to hide his bewilderment.

"It's a saving," explained the honest Pud. "I wouldn't save a single cent," denied Adele.

"Oh, then maybe it's the company?" queried Earl haughtily. "Well, I have to get along to my own dinner." He looked sternly at Pud. "As a matter of fact she has a date with me to-morrow. I've invited her to lunch."

"But if she doesn't go by train, naturally she can't accept," Midge said quietly. She shifted her steady gaze to Adele's face, and a long look passed between them.

"Really, for a kid sister, it seems to me you have a lot to say," remarked Adele huffily. She turned to Earl. "You have no idea what I put up with because of that child!"

"From now on, I'm going to be a very good little girl," Midge said, grinning impishly. "And I'm starting in by minding my father who said I was to eat an elegant dinner at the *Blue Gate*. Coming, Adele?"

"First she has to settle about to-morrow," drawled Pud. "It's all right by me, Del, if you want to go with him."

"Will it be he, or I?" Earl smiled confidently. "*'Which of the two to choose, liberty or death?'*"

Adele glared at her sister. She drew a deep breath and then said in a small voice, "I'll choose Puddin'."

"Of course," agreed Midge, her face wreathed in smiles. "And I think I'll choose *charlotte russe*."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

by all the laws of justice, be the one to clear up afterward.

"I'm not even listening," Pam said once, addressing, apparently, the cloud or the mountain itself. "I'm perfectly happy, just as I am."

"If you were Hil," Pete said, "we'd make you sing for your supper. That's the rule of the desert. Everybody does *something*. But you can't even sing, Pam Strong."

"No," Pam agreed, unruffled, "but if you are both good boys—and polite ones—I might be persuaded to make you each a very unusual handwrought silver belt buckle, or tie clip, or maybe even a ring. But I shan't clear up and give silver presents also!"

They laughed, and left her sitting there.

Late in the afternoon, they turned the roadster's nose down the mountainside toward home. Pam, tucked in between the two boys on the roomy seat, leaned back and closed her eyes. She was too happily drowsy after the long hours in the open air, to feel in a mood for talk. Evidently neither Pete nor Tim felt talkative, either, for there was silence in the roadster for perhaps a mile or two, and then Pete's voice, on a new, faintly serious note, broke into Pam's thoughts.

"Say, Pam, look over that way! You and Tim are going to see one of our famous Arizona cloud-bursts in about five minutes, or I miss my guess. I'm afraid you're going to feel it, too, which will be worse."

Pam's eyes flew open with a startled jerk, following Pete's pointing finger off to the left where heavy, black thunderheads had abruptly heaped themselves across the earlier brightness of the sky.

Below the clouds, a slanted, moving wall of

DESERT CALLING

rain shone like pale silver. Even while Pam looked, it came nearer, and then with a sudden swoop, driven by a cold, wild wind behind it, the storm was upon them.

With a muttered word, Pete leaned forward to wrench open the glove compartment. Reaching in, he drew out a tightly rolled oil-skin coat, paper-thin and flexible and taking up no more room than a bundle of road maps. He flung it at Pam with a shouted command, "Here—get into that!" He added, turning his head so the wind carried his words to her, "Sorry, but I don't dare stop to put the top up till we're past the big dry wash where the wooden bridge is. There was water in it when we came up this morning, which means it rained up in the mountains all night, and this cloud-burst will make it bad."

"That little trickle of water?" Pam shrieked back in gay contempt. She had laughed hilariously, coming up the mountain earlier, at Pete's calling that "dry wash" a river. Out here in Arizona, it seemed, all the "rivers" ran underground. They had proper banks and a sandy river bed. In fact, everything an authentic river normally possessed—except water. But, as Pete had tried to tell her, very seriously, let a real rain break loose in the mountains, and those dry rivers could suddenly turn into raging floods that were exceedingly dangerous to everything in their path.

Pam, wrapping the oilskin coat closer about her already dripping shoulders, leaned forward and studied the road ahead, winking the raindrops out of her smarting eyes. The rain was coming down in such dense sheets now that it felt very much as if they were actually

driving through a waterfall. She was gasping for breath soon, and the two boys, unprotected by any coats at all, were literally soaked through.

The heavy streams had plastered Pam's curls tight to her head like a wet silk cap, but her cheeks were glowing under the icy buffeting, and her spirits thrilled to the swift excitement of the storm. To Pete's surprise, she laughed aloud and mopped her wet face with her hands. "It's fun," she choked, swallowing a mouthful of cold water.

The sandy road was boiling like thin gruel under their tires, threatening a skid at any moment. Pete gripped the wet wheel more firmly, and slowed for the sharp turn ahead. It was impossible to see more than a few yards in that downpour, but as the car crept cautiously about the bend, his feet went automatically to clutch and brake. The situation, as he well knew from experience, might become actually dangerous before they were all safely home again.

Where the dry river bed had been that morning, with an insignificant little brook running down the center, a crested flood of brown water overflowed the low banks, spreading as far as the trail. The wooden bridge was awash already, though not entirely submerged. Eddies, carrying debris from the mountains above, swirled against it and over the worn plank flooring.

Pete brought the roadster abruptly to a stop. "I don't know whether we ought to attempt it or not," he said anxiously, leaning forward to address Tim, across Pam's muffled figure.

(To be continued)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37



He Knew

MR. JONES: I think there should only be one head to a family.

MR. SMITH: Brother, you said a mouthful! I just paid for hats for my four daughters.—Sent by ELIZABETH CARRUTHERS, Framingham, Massachusetts.

Extravagance

"Father," said a little Scotch boy, "please give me a quarter."

"Why should I give you a quarter?" asked the father.

"I want to go to the circus; they have a great big snake over there."

"You would waste money to go to the circus to see a big snake? Here, take this magnifying glass and look at a worm."—Sent by CHARLOTTE RACINE, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

How, Indeed?



The teacher was trying to illustrate different adverbs. Walking across the room very rapidly, she turned to the class and asked, "Now, children, how would you say I walked then?"

All in chorus, they shouted, "Bow-legged!"—Sent by BETTY ANN WARD, Winter Park, Florida.

Well, They Were

TEACHER: Tommy, name twelve Arctic animals.

TOMMY: Six seals and six polar bears.—Sent by CYNTHIA TEDROW, Mediapolis, Iowa.

How About It?

TEACHER: What is the plural of child?

BOBBY: Twins.—Sent by NATALIE WIENER, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

The Prize-Winning Joke



Good Enough for Him

SONNY: Mom, will you read me a story?

MOTHER: Yes, dear. Wait just a minute till I put on my percolator.

SONNY: Oh, you don't need to, Mom! You look all right just as you are.—Sent by ERNA BOERSEN, Fairwater, Wisconsin.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this box.

Startling

A New York School teacher tells about a little boy whose coat was so difficult to fasten that she went to his assistance. As she tugged at the hook, she asked, "Did your mother hook this coat for you?"

"No," was the astounding reply, "she bought it."—Sent by LOIS FREDBERG, Cheboygan, Michigan.

The Insult

Five-year-old Bobby, visiting relatives who say grace before meals, sat down and asked for the bread to be passed to him. "Wait for grace, Bobby," reproved his mother. The boy

looked at her questioningly, but obeyed. At that moment the head of the household entered. "Uncle Jim," burst out Bobby, "do you know what Mother called you?"

"No," replied his uncle, "what did she call me?"

"She called you Grace," replied Bobby disgustedly.—Sent by JOAN TOLLER, Marietta, Ohio.

Tit for Tat

MOTHER (at seven o'clock in the evening): Come, Ethel, it is time to go to bed. All the little birds have gone to sleep in their nests.

ETHEL (at five o'clock the next morning): Come, Mama, it is time to get up. All the little birds are up, and the mama birds, too.—Sent by MARIE LOUISE WINDISCH, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Ups and Downs



CUSTOMER: Isn't that pretty expensive for a little pillow like that?

CLERK: Well, you see, down is up.—Sent by PATRICIA TRACY, Chicago, Illinois.

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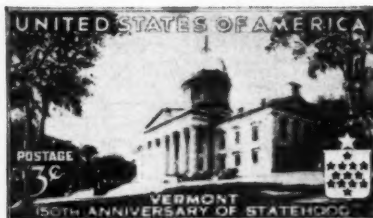
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THE first United States postage stamp issued in 1941 was placed in circulation on Tuesday, March fourth, at Montpelier, Vermont. The stamp commemorates the one-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Vermont's admission to Statehood and its central design shows a reproduction of the Vermont State Capitol building at Montpelier. It is of the three-cent denomination, printed in purple ink, and has been produced by the rotary press process.

Across the top of the stamp, which is horizontal, is the inscription "United States of America." In the lower left-hand corner is the word "Postage," with the denomination designation, "three cents," immediately underneath. In a corresponding position in the lower right corner of the stamp is a shield containing thirteen stars representing the thirteen original colonies, at the top of which is a large star emblematic of Vermont, the fourteenth state admitted to the Union. The inscription "Vermont" appears at the bottom of the stamp; directly beneath it is the wording "One-hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of Statehood."

Bulgaria, which is very much in the news at the time this column goes to press, has issued a set of six stamps to commemorate the lives and works of six national heroes. Printed from typographed plates on white paper, each denomination portrays a different person and is inscribed in native characters. The one-leva green portrays Petko Rachev Slaveikov, a poet, teacher, and leader of the Liberal party, who

helped draw up the Bulgarian constitution in 1879. The two-leva carmine shows Sofronii, Bishop of Vratza. The three-leva magenta shows Saint Ivan Rilski who founded the famous Rilo Monastery during the ninth century and who later became the patron of the Bulgarian people. A view of the monastery is shown in the background of this stamp. The four-leva vermilion portrays Marin Drinov, professor of the University of Kharov, Russia, who wrote many works on the history of Bulgaria and who, as Minister of Education, helped build the new government when Bulgaria became independent.

The seven-leva blue portrays Chernorizetz Hrabr, a monk who lived in the tenth century in the reign of Czar Simeon and who translated many religious works. The ten-leva red-brown portrays Nicola Fitcher who also was known by the nickname, "Kolio Fitcheto." Fitcher was a mason who, despite his lack of education, built some of the finest churches and bridges in Bulgaria in the nineteenth century. He was decorated for his work by the Sultan of Turkey under whom the Bulgarians lived before they achieved independence.

In Venezuela, the twenty-five centimos Life-of-Bolivar stamp has been overprinted "Habilitado—1941—Vale Bs 0.20." The reason for this is that the rate for a single-weight letter to American countries has been reduced to twenty centimos.

Seven new stamps have come from the French colony of Andorra. They are of the pictorial type of 1932-39 and have been made necessary because of changes in postal rates. The fifty centimes yellow-green pictures the Bridge of St. Anthony; the eighty centimes blue-green, the one franc, thirty centimes violet-brown, and the one franc, fifty centimes rose picture the Gorge of St. Julia; while the two francs red, the two francs and fifty centimes ultramarine, and the three francs reddish-brown portray the Chapel of Maritxell.

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ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO

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swimmingly through the short walk with Robin. In a few minutes they were talking together like old friends. "If you ever meet Jock Bacon, please don't tell him I got lost," she urged at the Bacons' door. "I'd hate to have Jock know I was such an idiot. Tonight I want to do everything just right. If this were home in Martinstown, Robin, I'd ask you in to meet the crowd. But you understand—New York's so different."

John Bacon's house, pale Colonial yellow brick set off by dark wrought-iron trim, furnished a cheerful contrast to the massive brownstone residences which hemmed it in. It was apparently an old house which had been remodeled with distinguished taste. The entrance door was on a level with the pavement, and wide bay windows, a story higher, bulged comfortably over the street above flower boxes, now filled with gay, if somewhat chilly-looking, hyacinths. The door swung open almost at once, at Dilsey's ring, and disclosed a fatherly old butler.

"Is this Mr. Bacon's house?" she asked breathlessly.

The old man bowed. "Yes, miss."

At the words, she turned to thank Robin, who like a good escort had lingered to see that all was well. He shook her hand warmly and took himself off around the corner.

"I'm Dilsey Mercer. I hope I'm not late," Dilsey said as she stepped inside. And, taking no chances, she added firmly, "I'm invited."

The butler held out his hand. "May I take your wrap?"

Dilsey hesitated. Shorn of her wrap her splendor was materially diminished. "No, thank you. I think I'll keep it on. I want to show it to the girls."

Ascending the stairs, the old man conducted her to an open door which led into a library lined to the ceiling with books.

At first glance—except for an open fire leaping on the hearth—Dilsey thought the room was empty. There was no light but the fire and a pale radiance of twilight from diamond-paned windows at the far end of the room. Dilsey noticed that the windows were crossed by outlines of bare tree branches and realized that they must overlook a city garden. On the chimney breast the portrait of a beautiful woman in Gainsborough costume was half revealed by the flicker of the logs below.

"Company, Mr. John," the old man said mildly, and, touching a switch, turned on the lights in half-a-dozen lamps.

Dilsey caught a glimpse of a pair of long

straight legs in dark trousers projecting from behind the barrier of a huge leather chair which faced the fire. The feet, in patent leather pumps, were propped at ease on an embroidered foot rest. Only a glimpse, for the feet came to the floor with energy, and John Bacon rose to greet her.

He strode forward, a friendly hand thrust out, but beneath his welcoming smile there was a look of surprise. "Well, for the love of Pete, Dilsey! Where did you come from? There's nothing the matter, is there?"

"Why—why, no!" Dilsey's eyes dilated. "I'm staying at Cousin Lora Thatcher's. I came from there. Where are the kids?" She looked around as though to locate the missing guests behind the window curtains.

"The kids?" John questioned, mystified. "The only kid in this house is my kid brother, upstairs sick in bed. Rod went to a party yesterday and absorbed too much candy." With a practiced hand, and this time without protest from Dilsey, he slipped off her wrap and handed it to the butler who was turning away.

"I mean the Squibs—the Merriams and Sandy and Red and all the rest. You know. The party."

A sudden light broke over John's face. He burst out laughing. "Dill, you're priceless," he said when he could find his voice. "You're the most consistent person I know. Running true to form, as always. Woman, the party is to-morrow night."

Under her freckles Dilsey grew pale. She stared at John with her mouth open. And this was the occasion on which she had hoped to do everything right! "Oh, Jock! To-morrow? I thought it was to-night. Oh, isn't this perfectly awful?" Turning, she looked in desperation after the old servant who was drawing the curtains in the front room. "Where's my coat? I'll go home right away."

"Nothing awful about it, except that it's awfully jolly. Now you're here, you're going to stay to dinner. It'll be ready in a moment."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," Dilsey protested. Her voice was trembling. "What would your family think of me? I don't even know them. And, anyway, I couldn't come to dinner at your house two nights hand-running."

"Listen, Dill! If you go home now, I'll have to take you, and then neither of us will have anything to eat. The only one of my family you'll see, anyway, is Aunt Libbie, Father's sister. Father and Mother are away for the evening. Aunt Libbie's looking after Rod. Oh, Felix!" he raised his voice to reach

the other room. "Will you tell Aunt Libbie we have company for dinner? And put on an extra place, will you?"

"No, please don't," Dilsey groaned.

John took her by the shoulders and pushed her down into a chair on the other side of the fire. "Be a sport, Dill. I was lonely to-night. When you dropped from the clouds you gave me a real break. And since then I've got hold of the tail feathers of a big idea. Sit still now, and I'll tell you. I need your advice."

"All right," Dilsey conceded, yielding.

John dropped down again in the big leather chair. "You see, Father's been fitting up a game room in the basement," he began. "It's a jolly place, too, if I do say it. There's a dart board and ping pong and any number of other contraptions, but the one I like best is a game that's a good deal like bowling. It's great sport and there's a lot of science to it, too. Don't you think it would be fun, to-morrow night, to take the Squibs down to the game room for a bowling match?"

Switched to a new and pleasant thought, Dilsey leaned forward eagerly. "Oh, Jock, that would be swell! They'd all love it."

"How about you, Dill? Are you a bowling expert?"

"No," she told him, her eyes wide, "I never tried it. There isn't any place to bowl at home."

"Okay, then. Now this is my big idea. After dinner to-night you and I will go down to the basement and practice bowling till you get the hang of it. We'll have Felix in to keep score and set up the pins. I'll show you all the tricks, so to-morrow you can qualify as the champ, maybe, and give the crowd a surprise. Eh, what?"

Dilsey's eyes sparkled. "Jock, you're grand!" she cried.

A muted chime floated up from the floor below. Somewhere above a door opened, and a gentle voice could be heard at the top of the stairs. "Now, Roddie, darling, turn over and try to go to sleep. Auntie'll be back as soon as she finishes dinner."

John rose from his chair, seized Dilsey's hands and pulled her to her feet. "There's the dinner gong. I'll bet you're hungry, Dill. I know I am. Aunt Libbie'll be in to speak to you before we go down."

Beaming, Dilsey looked up at him, all her unhappiness forgotten. "Such nice things happen to me," she said, "and usually when I least deserve them. I'm so glad, Jock, that I came to your party on the wrong evening."

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MESA VERDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

someone had been there before him. Just as he said this, there was a crackling sound. We all looked up to see that the branch on which Nils had been standing, had snapped—and down he came, all of twenty feet, to land on the rocky land below. For a moment he lay there, and we all thought that he was dead. The Indians withdrew to a safe distance, shouting, "*Chindi! Chindi!*" ("The dead! The dead!")

Fortunately the "*chindi*" was able to get back on his feet, and announced that he was no "*chindi*" yet. He had a bump the size of an egg on his head, but he was able to walk, and soon thereafter recovered. However, I do not think the Indians ever quite believed that he was alive. They thought that he had be-

come a "*chindi*," ready to take up his abode among the spirits of the dead cliff dwellers.

At Mesa Verde, in southern Colorado, archaeologists have restored the ruins in the major cliff dwellings. Some of the buildings stood above the accumulated debris, and many of their walls were well preserved. In places where they were sure that they knew just how the dwellings looked, the archaeologists have rebuilt some of the fallen walls. And so, to-day, when you or I visit the green mesa, we can see clearly how the people lived there centuries ago.

Cliff Palace (dated by archaeologists 1073 A.D.) was named for its size. It is the largest cliff village known. It is situated in a cave some three hundred feet long, and one

hundred feet wide at the widest part. This enormous cave is just under the mesa rim, about two hundred feet above the floor of the canyon. Within the safety of its recesses, there are the remains of two hundred living rooms, built in some cases four stories high. At intervals there are store rooms, and one well-built round tower which was used perhaps for a lookout, or more likely for some ceremonial purpose. The *Cliff Palace* looks upon a large ruin on a promontory of the mesa, a ruin known to-day as *Sun Temple*, and thought to have been constructed for religious purposes.

That these ancient Americans were religious, we have no doubt. In this biggest of the cliff dwellings, there are twenty-two "*kivas*"

—round, subterranean rooms which are similar to the rooms used to-day by Pueblo Indians for sacred, ceremonial purposes. This would be somewhat like having twenty-two churches in a village of four hundred people, because it has been estimated that if two or three people lived in each room in the *Cliff Palace*, and if most of the rooms were occupied at one time, there would have been a population of about four hundred souls.

Let us imagine, for a moment, the life of a family of cliff dwellers living at *Spruce Tree House*, in the year 1242 A.D. *Spruce Tree House* is another large village. It has one hundred and fourteen living rooms, many storage rooms, and eight kivas. Imagine, one fine morning in 1242, the father of the family crawling out through the door-window of his cliff home, followed by the mother, and their two children. (Some archaeologists estimate that as many as four persons lived in one room.) The mother and the father slip on their yucca sandals. The children, doubtless, go barefoot.

The father, with a bow and stone-tipped arrows in his hand, puts his foot to the toe holds in the rocks and climbs up to the mesa rim, followed by his son. Looking carefully about to see that there is no enemy in sight, they go to the garden patch which they had planted in the spring. If the corn, beans and squash do not need watering or hoeing, the two go hunting on the mesa.

In the meanwhile, the mother of the family is on her way down into the canyon with a large olla, or water jar, on her head. She fills her jar at the spring which bubbles out at the upper end of the canyon, and, returning with this most precious of all supplies, she sets about the other business of the day. Perhaps she weaves a basket, or molds another earthen pot for cooking, or a larger jar for storing the corn and beans which her husband will gather on the mesa, in his garden. They will need this food in the wintertime. Or perhaps the mother will set something to cook upon the fire which she kindles on the "sidewalk" of the village, or right in her chimneyless home. (The door of a cliff house served not only for door and window, but for smoke vent, also.)

The little girl, who has stayed at home, helps her mother and feeds the turkeys which are kept in a safe but very dark room at the back of the cave. When the father returns with food, he perhaps sits down and weaves at his loom. The men of the family were probably the weavers, and they made fine patterns with the wild cotton fibre.

At night, the father goes with the other men of the village down into a kiva, the dark, mysterious, underground room, near to mother earth, where they go through ceremonies which keep them in close touch with the underworld. The entrance to the "underworld" is through a hole about the size of a fist, in the floor of the kiva. Around the walls are ceremonial paintings, and at one side a fireplace and a shrine where preparations for a religious dance, and a prayer for rain, can be made.

Of course life, for these farmers, was not always one of peace. Some day, in the canyon below, the enemy would come. "The enemy," to the cliff dwellers, was anyone from afar. They knew and dreaded the raids of the warlike nomads who roamed the country, preying on the farmer folk and stealing the crops. So afraid were these cliff dwellers of the nomads that rarely did they permit a stranger to enter their homes. In many of the inland pueblo ruins, in other parts of the country, sea shell ornaments and other foreign objects have been found, but there is little evidence that the cliff dwellers ever welcomed traders. They were timid and peaceful and only asked to be left alone, up in their cave villages, to live their lives as they pleased.

There is one cliff dwelling at Mesa Verde which is a perfect stronghold. It is called *Balcony House*, from a platform built for defense. The only way to reach it is along a narrow ledge. When you come to the entrance, there is a small hole in a rock through which you have to crawl in order to enter the open cave. We went through this entrance, and it was a tight squeeze. We concluded that the cliff dwellers were not large, or fat. *Balcony House* also had its own water supply, a spring bubbling in the back of the cave.

But even *Balcony House* was not safe from all enemies. How long its inhabitants would have remained in their cliff homes, if only man had come to attack them, no one can guess. But a more powerful enemy than man descended upon them. In the year 1276 there was little rain. The springs began to dry up, the crops withered. Winter came, and there were few storage rooms full of corn, few pots full of beans. The winter was long, and the people would have gone hungry save for the industry of the hunters. The men and women danced and prayed for rain.

The next summer came, dry and rainless. The springs were lower, the crops a failure, and the hunters came home with empty bags. The drought was driving the animals from

the mesa and, as dry year succeeded dry year, the people began to go away, too, down from their beloved cliff homes. Away they went, family after family, into the dim unknown world which they so dreaded. At last, after twenty-three years of drought, the rains came again to this country, but there was not a soul left in the cliff houses. They were all gone, no one knows where. It has been suggested that they joined the pueblo people of Arizona and New Mexico. Whatever their fate, they never returned to their cliff homes.

How the archaeologists are able to say that the cliff dwellers built a certain village in the eleventh century, and another in the thirteenth, and that a certain room was added in 1272, is a fascinating study in itself. The cliff dwellers left us no written records, but an archaeologist, A. E. Douglass, discovered a calendar in the trunks of trees. As you have doubtless observed many times, there are rings in tree trunks, each ring showing a year of growth. Some of these rings, you will notice, are thicker than others. It has been determined that when there is a rainy season, a tree grows a thick ring. During a period of drought, the rings are thin.

By taking cross sections of roof poles found in the cliff dwellings, and comparing them with the cross sections of timbers found in other ruins, and with the rings of trees growing to-day in the Southwest, a perfect section of ring sequences was established from the present back to 700 A.D.

And so, although there was no written record left to us by the cliff dwellers, we can date them. A study of the architecture of their homes, and of the household goods they left behind them, gives us a picture of their lives; and the skeletons buried in some cases under the floors of the houses, tell us what the people looked like. Mesa Verde was populated first by a group of long-headed, short, thin people who lived in pit houses. Then came a migration of short, stocky, round-headed people who became the famous cliff builders.

To-day, for the preservation of the fascinating antiquities of the country, the Government has set aside the area of the Green Mesa for a National Park. This park is off the beaten track. It cannot be reached by rail, and when you arrive by bus, or in your own automobile, you will not find *de luxe* hotel accommodations. Everyone sleeps in a tent, or in a simple cottage, and in the morning these travelers get up and hike, or ride, to the sites of the cliff villages once occupied by the pre-Columbian Mesa Verdeans.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—HOWARD LOGAN HILDEBRANDT

ON THE first of November, in 1872, a son, Howard Logan, was born to the Hildebrandts of Allegheny, Pennsylvania. The boy early displayed marked artistic ability. When he was about fifteen, he entered the designing department of a Pittsburgh shop where stained glass was a specialty and shortly rose to be head designer. His ambition soared and, as soon as he was able, he enrolled at the National Academy of Design in New York. Three years later he went to Paris, where he studied at the Julien Academy under Constant and Laurens. Presenting himself for the examinations at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, he passed so high that he was permitted to be one of a small number of foreigners exempt from further examinations. He exhibited, for the first time, in the Paris Salon of 1896 and thereafter was regularly represented. A silver medal was awarded to him for drawing and a first prize at the Delaunay Academy, as well as high honors at Julien's. After three years of hard work abroad, he returned to America where his countrymen immediately recognized his fine work in the shape

of many commissions of both a public and private character. He married Cornelia Ellis of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, an artist who has also studied in Paris, who is herself a Member of the Academy, and who, this year, won the Boardman Medal for her delightful miniature of a baby. Howard Hildebrandt is best known for his carefully executed, urbane portraits of business executives, college presidents, society women, and young girls wearing hair ribbons and middie blouses. But he became interested, also, in painting fishing scenes while he was in Etaples, France, and after his return to America he spent his summers on the Atlantic coast painting fishermen and their environment with sympathetic understanding. One of these canvases, "Cleaning Fish," is in the Herron Art Gallery, Indianapolis. Although Hildebrandt is best known for his oils, he works also in water color, in which medium he won the Evans Prize of the American Water Color Society in 1906. Many honorary societies claim him as a member, and in 1932 he was elected a full member by the National Academy. —M.C.



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